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## PITY.

By F. H. SAUNDERS and G. STANLEY HALL.

The questionnaire material for this paper was derived from a circular issued by one of us March 28, 1899. As in the case of so many others, the best replies were received from the Trenton Normal School, New Jersey, where Miss Lillie A. Williams has carried the art of getting genuine, intelligent and full data to so high a degree of perfection that this article owes whatever merit it may have very largely to her and her pupils, and to them we wish this paragraph to be a dedication.

Many other returns from other sources, the identity of which has unfortunately been lost have been received, three hundred and twenty-four of which have been carefully worked over for their statistical content by one of us (F. H. S.), who has also looked up the literature and written out an article read at two meetings of the Psychological Seminary of Clark University. All this material he placed at the close of the term in the hands of the other of us (G. S. H.), who has collected several score of additional returns, finished and entirely rewritten the article. More than two-thirds of all represented are females; the average age varies very widely, but is not far from thirty. Many university students here and elsewhere and a few professors and some elderly people have contributed answers, and others have questioned young children in order to gather directly and indirectly their experiences with this sentiment. The matter had to be essentially rearranged so that the order of topics in the questionnaire is lost, and the methods elsewhere described of condensation and elimination have been adhered to. The questionnaire was as follows :

Concrete, definite, and detailed accounts are called for of experiences where pity has been particularly and exceptionally acute, with all circumstances, symptoms, after effects, etc.

I. What story, poem, novel or drama caused intense feelings of pity for the hero, heroine or other character? State briefly the outline and especially the particular features in the tale that appealed to you. The most pathetic thing you ever read or heard.

II. What fact in your own experience, connected with any friend, acquaintance or relative, whether in childish or adult years, caused the pang of pity to be most poignant, seeing people in exquisite pain or distress, suffering, etc.?

III. State with each such case (in I and II above) just how you felt. What physical symptoms, tears, sobbing, sadness, fear? Was

pulse or respiration, appetite, digestion, sleep, or *any other physiological process* affected and how? What did you want to do and what did you do? How long did the effect last; was it noticed by or told to others? Are such experiences sought the second time? What do you do to assuage the pain of such feelings?

IV. Have you ever had these experiences toward animals that were tortured, found dead, killed, cold, hungry or friendless?

V. Describe cases where it was felt for flowers, trees, dolls or inanimate objects, but only if it was strongly felt.

VI. Describe cases where it was felt toward children, infants, the newly born. How did you feel at first to your own just born child?

VII. Cases of this feeling for (a) the poor and famine, (b) the sick and pestilence, (c) soldiers and war, (d) sailors and shipwreck, and others exposed to peculiar hardship and trials, fires, earthquakes, floods, and the war of all against all and natural selection.

VIII. What pictures have excited this sentiment most vividly?

IX. What sounds, cries or noises stand out in your memory as intolerably and maddeningly pathetic?

X. What music has caused it and what were its peculiar features, if any, when thus caused?

XI. What religious experiences have roused your profoundest pity, as a crucified Saviour, and of these scenes what details in them touched you most movingly—the denial, Gethsemane, crown of thorns, vinegar, nails, spears, tomb, burial? Be as explicit and detailed as you care to be here.

## I. PITY IN REAL LIFE.

In scores of our returns *hunger* in some form was cited as that which had excited the deepest pity. The famine in India was mentioned far most often; Cuba, Ireland, Armenia and Russia follow. Many gave some details of newspaper accounts; some thought the starvation of children worst; others pitied the mental state of those intelligent enough to foresee the horrible death in store for them and thought that worse than the physical pain; some were led to fear that they themselves might sometime die of hunger or at least lack food.

F., 15. Many beggars come to our door hungry. We are poor and sometimes have to refuse them, but I have often run after them, when they have been turned away, to give them something to eat.

F., 34. I know a poor family of seven. The father is a good and strong man, but cannot find work. They are too proud to accept charity, live on thirty cents a day and the food that I have smuggled in to the children.

F., 17. Saw two shabby little children waiting in the cold on the sidewalk to beg working men for what was left in their dinner pails. I spent everything I had to give them food and went home and cried all night.

M., 21. A young man asked food at our door, which I refused thinking him one of a gang of tramps. A second look showed me he was very hungry. I told him to wait and went after food, but he was gone when I returned with it. I felt cruel and had a sharp pang in my chest, thinking of the poor fellow trudging along all day in the heat.

F., 22. We always distribute chickens and other things on Thanksgiving to some poor families. Once I found a sick widow with four small children in an attic that had really nothing the matter with them but starvation. I kept helping them all I could through the winter.

F., 27. I often visit poor families and sometimes meet those who are actually famishing, whose faces look so pale and pinched that I have to violate the rules of the organization, of which I am a visitor, and run out and bring in food at once.

F., 12. A girl goes to our school in my grade who seems always hungry. She sometimes brings no lunch and I have given her half of mine a great many times.

Two famine pictures—one in Cuba representing scores of people dying and dead, all commingled, lying near a shore; and another depicting a haggard and lean mother on hands and knees just dying, but trying to shelter her infant while vultures hovered and swooped far and near waiting for their prey.

In scores of cases, "the most pathetic experiences" are those caused by hunger. The sunken cheek, the pallid, anæmic complexion, the weakness, inactivity, the anxiety, dumb resignation, the feeble cry of hungry children, the poor quality of the bread, meat, soup, the things that very hungry and starving people in siege, especially in wreck or famine, resort to, adulterations, the bad look and odor of food ladled out in the steerage, the necessity of eating clay, rats and mice, chewing up uncooked corn and rice, and several ultra pathetic songs—"I am starving, mother, starving," "Give me three grains of corn ere I die," a story describing the delirious dreams of famine stricken people of richly laden Thanksgiving tables—all this material, far too abundant to more than refer to, illustrates the strength of this sentiment. On occasions of feasts or unusual table bounty, mankind seems especially disposed to reflect by contrast on the needy, who explore garbage barrels or live on what other people throw away. Possibly the custom, widespread among primitive people of meals in common and punishment by exclusion from the tribal feast, may have so affected our heredity as to give stronger color to this direction of pity. One thing is very plain—that children of the poor, who know what hunger is in their own experience, have far quicker and more effective sympathies in this direction than children who have never felt the pangs of appetite themselves. Most people in civilized life know almost nothing of the very poignant suffering due to lack of food, and adults have little conception of the pain and distress which children feel from hunger. With the young it is a very definite, sharp and localized distress, that may arise to the intensity of agony and anguish; while with adults, as the recorded experiences of the famous fasters show, it is a more diffused and gradually intensified malaise and weakness. At its strongest, it may call out all the forces of the struggle for survival and prompt the best children or adults to theft, petty or great, to forceful robbery and to mutual slaughter and cannibalism. When we reflect that the great majority of animals find their grave in the maw of others and that the struggle for survival has been largely for food, we can under-

stand that it speaks well for the race that pity in this field even for those of an alien race and at a great distance, who suffer from famine, is so effective. The pathos of art rarely resorts to this sentiment. Our returns indicate that this is one of the very earliest directions of pity, and is keenest and most physical in young children, and some pity the hungry acutely who seem to pity almost nothing else. To feed the hungry is one of the primal works of charity and a virtue with its own benison.

*Cold, shelter, and clothing.* These three need not here be discriminated; like hunger they stir very strongly the sympathies of the young.

F., 13. The Spartan babies, who were not strong and were left to die in the mountains, used to make me cry so that the teacher would send me from the room.

F., 17. I had to go through a slum section to school, and there I learned how ragged and cold the poor often were. I felt as though I would like to devote my whole life to some kind of relief work and never realized more clearly that more than half the world has no conception how the other half lives.

F., 29. I know an elderly family who have been wealthy, but have lost everything and depend on charity. The privations they endured before they would ask for or consent to receive such were pitiable in the extreme. They live in two bare cold rooms and their clothes are so threadbare and faded and so inadequate to keep them warm in cold weather, that I marvel and go home and cry after seeing them so genteel and yet suffering so much.

F., 28. On an errand I found a family of three living all in one room with a tiny stove, not meant for cooking, sleeping on a floor mattress and one blanket. How they lived, I cannot conceive. Everything was so sad in that room that I wondered they did not die outright, and the woman's weeping broke me down.

F., 27. My most intense pity was for a drunken father, whose wife had died, and whose oldest daughter of twelve had to do everything and look out for the four younger children. The desolation of that room, the squalor and degradation of the whole family, the broken window pane, the big bed in one corner and the heap of rags in another touched my heart as it was never touched before.

F., 14. I read of a baby who was frozen to death in the next street and went around to see. I found a crowd, and the evidences of such intense poverty and suffering, with the little one laid on two chairs and now wrapped up in a new blanket some one had brought, with a cheap coffin back of her, and her mother and an older child weeping, so that I had to go out and sit on the stairs or I should have fainted from the sinking feeling I had.

I once saw a poor woman whose dress was grimy with dirt and grease, the buttons were off and the pins had come out to expose her person in an almost indecent way. She was carrying a big bundle on the street and looked so humiliated, weak and shamefaced, that I felt as though I must follow her and help her. I had a new silver dollar and slipped it into her hand.

F., 42. I saw two children sleeping on a stone doorstep in a wretched street in Chicago one rather cold night in October. The little one was lying on the other's arm and sleeping soundly, while the older one's

eyes rolled with despair. I succeeded in finding shelter for them both, but did not get home until after midnight. I never had such a feeling of having done good in the world for once.

M., 29. Coming up a cross street in New York late at night in a winter thaw, I saw a ragged, drunken elderly woman reel and fall her full length in a puddle of melting snow six inches deep. I think she would have drowned if I had not pulled her out. An officer soon summoned a patrol and told me that she had a good husband and six children, but they lived in filth and cold because everything she could get went to drink. Was weak afterwards, and sick at heart when I got home and thought it over.

Here again many returns show how quickly the sympathies, especially of the young, respond to the deprivation of primitive needs. Some of our returns specify the power that a handful of paper snow on the stage or the simulated piping of the cold wind as, *e. g.*, in the drama of "The Two Orphans," has to open the fountain of tears. One respondent was melted by the glimpse of the shoe of the heroine that had worn through to the snow and was artfully revealed, and a novel I know gives this extraordinary prominence and effect. A little child barefoot or without mittens, or brought in with artificial snow upon its hair or clothes, the pathos of a few falling leaves at a moving moment, the sudden discovery that there is no more coal, that a broken window cannot be mended, that children are lost in the woods or in a city, or even out late, the very sound of the word "homeless" which one of our respondents could never hear without nervous symptoms, the tragedy of a happy home glimpsed through windows by a wanderer who has no place to lay his head, the very suggestion well led up to of exposure to frost, storm, fierce winds, or chinks in a log cabin, of leaks for the rain upon a sick bed, of being turned out of houses by obdurate landlords, of a night in a stable, barn or shed, or the pathos of the leaves that covered children lost in the woods:—these and many such are the causes of all the acute symptomology of pity. Probably as men advanced from warmer to colder regions of the earth, such sources of pathos have been increasingly common, and the readiness with which tears flow in the most tender years of adolescence from such causes attest on the recapitulation theory a vast but submerged racial experience in battling with the elements; and to what a great extent the evolution of the house and of clothing for others has been motivated by compassion for their suffering. These directions of pity are well developed early in life, and in savagery prompt to hospitality often so ceremoniously developed.

Young children pity acutely all who have to be out nights, policemen, firemen, watchmen, who cannot go to bed and must face the darkness and storm. This reflects the fear of the young for the dark. Those who fear high places pity balloonists, steeple climbers; those who fear getting lost pity explorers,

frontier men and lonely travellers; anemophobiacs pity those who are exposed to the wind; astrophobiacs those who are injured or killed by lightning; those who dread animals, solitude or ghosts pity those exposed to them, etc. Valley Forge is prominent in the minds of school children.

*Weakness, innocence and helplessness* greatly increase the poignancy of pity and this is felt most keenly for young children.

F., 24. I never pitied anything so much as a four months old baby undeveloped, with its little face drawn awry, old looking, asthmatic, pale, anæmic and gasping hard to breathe.

F., 19. I cannot bear to think of young children being punished. If I had my way I would burn all the rods and ferules and make it a crime for any one to inflict any kind of physical suffering on children, unless it was needed medically.

M., 23. A little, dirty, lean, crippled girl, selling papers on Washington Street late one cold evening, touched a new spring in me. I gave her pennies, but she spoke so low I could not hear much that she said, and she haunted me the whole evening.

F., 25. A baby a few days old appeals to me like nothing else in the world. I want to hug, feed and do everything to it, because its helplessness is so unutterably appealing.

M., 28. Had often visited the hospital wards, but went a while ago for the first time to a child's hospital in New York. I was disgusted to find myself blubbering like an idiot, but the things looked so scrawny and pinched and wailed so piteously, and especially so many of them were scarred and doomed to death by syphilis for their parents' sins. This last was the climax of it all.

M., 34. I know a family of nine children, the oldest thirteen. They are all dirty and dwarfed, look ugly and unintelligent as though they were deprived of all the joys that belong to childhood, and were doomed to eke out a wretched coarse life full of hardships. I sometimes think it would be a blessing if they had never been born, all died off young, been exposed or strangled at birth.

F., 23. I pity poor children most Thanksgiving and Christmas.

F., 24. Little children whose father or especially whose mother is dead appeal to me like nothing else in all the world.

F., 18. The strongest pity of my life, was for a newly born infant whose father died before its birth and whose mother was sickly and poor. It looked so innocent and tiny that I had to cry.

F., 27. I cannot bear to see sick children. In my brother's family, the whooping cough nearly drove me into fits. The fact that sick children do not know what is the matter with them and die so quietly and unconsciously and often because of the most culpable neglect on the part of their parents touches me deepest.

F., 23. When children cry in a certain way with pain or hunger or for their mothers, I have to take them up if I can and rock, toss or walk with them to stop their crying. I cannot go away until they are comforted, for it would haunt me.

F., 20. Saw a six months old boy of a friend laid on a bed for a few moments, where he struggled violently to lift himself up. It seems foolish, but his helplessness brought the tears.

F., 24. At an industrial home for orphans, I heard such tales of wretchedness and abuse of children, that I could not help weeping for pity, because they had no one on earth to love them.

M., 52. The first wail of a new born infant seems like a cry of despair, as if all the woe of life was anticipated and expressed in one thin oft repeated note. Pity wrung my heart, too, once on seeing in the Catholic Hospital for children in New York a crèche or richly ribboned cradle, set out in an alcove for the purpose almost on the street, where any mother of an illegitimate child could abandon it and know that it would be cared for and she could go away unknown and hide her shame. The halves of broken coins and charms, mascots with them or devices for identification, are also touching.

F., 40. The thing that makes me maddest with pity is misunderstood children. I have known a few who reminded me of the story of the ugly duckling pecked at and despised by its quacking companions, when it was really a beautiful swan. The child in my case, however, did not, like the bird in the fable, finally develop its song and soar away to a flock of its own species. Talent in one direction often goes along with deficiency in the only lines which narrow parents or friends are competent to see, so that those who deserve the best often get the worst opinions and treatment. The silent child, that cannot express itself because it feels so deeply or has lived in an air of repression and is therefore thought stupid, makes me want to devote myself to a mission for the rescue of such lives.

M., 40. There is one particular cry of a baby which sheds a gloom of pity over the whole world for me. Not the fretting or angry cry, not that of pain or of hunger, each quite distinct, but the cry that expresses to me absolute and utter despair. Only lately have I had to change cars because I could not bear it.

F., 48. I have been a teacher and am now professor in a college. The most pathetic beings I know are stupid students who mean well, work hard, but who I know can never amount to much. Sometimes they plan to become clergymen. I know in my heart that some of them have not the intelligence of many day laborers, but they are so good that they are encouraged to try to live a life far beyond their capacities. I foresee the dull, low level mediocrity, the frequent changes, the discontent, the struggles of wife and children, and the long perspective makes me sick at heart.

M., 30. Saw a little boy walking home with his hand in his father's, crying bitterly. Something made me think that the boy wanted some trifle the father could not afford. Do not know which I pitied most, for the father's honest face bronzed with exposure and hard work showed how sad he must feel to deny his boy.

Pity for children is most often expressed if they are ill fed, and next in order if they are neglected, badly dressed, poor, dirty, crying, ill treated, deformed, cold, barefoot, have drunken or shiftless parents, step-mothers, are blind, deaf or otherwise defective, bullied by those older, taunted with their defects. The cry of infants probably more generally and intensely than anything else in the world, at least it leads by far all other causes in our returns, rouses pity for their weakness and helplessness. The fact that they cannot talk and tell their troubles, their tender skin, the smallness of their bodies so easily permeated by cold, their lack of teeth, their wistful longings for the satisfaction of their own needs which they do not understand, a white baby of a colored mother, poor children gazing in shop windows, those who are constitutionally reticent and



all who are doomed to lack a fair chance in life by taints of heredity excite keenest compassion.

*Weakness, sickness, deformity and death* have next most frequent mention after deprivation of the primitive needs of food, clothing and shelter. Some think consumption the most pathetic, because of the unquenchable hope of its victims; several specify general paresis because it is absolutely incurable and always kills, but the victims are so elated with their great ideas; hereditary disease most impresses others; the thought that innocent children should be tortured with syphilis is sometimes specified; contagious diseases are specified because they repel help; painful diseases; plagues and pestilence and Defoe provoke others to resolve to become nurses or doctors, while to others the hospital and the sick room are especially intolerable. One young man was haunted for some years in the early teens by the hymn "As when a raging fever burns, we turn from side to side by turns and no relief can gain." He felt the fever in his veins. Sympathy often provokes symptoms, imaginary and sometimes real. The labored breathing, the smell, the hush, the groan, pallor, the strange unlikeness of the patient to his or her former self is what often haunts and chokes the throat or moistens the eye. To some the greatest pathos is when the sick know or are told that they must die, while to others to die under a lying promise of recovery is worst. Young children pity the sick because they cannot play, must take nasty things or stay in bed in the dark and have little conception of pain and none of danger. Those who have had experience in sickness sympathize best with the sick and especially those suffering from the same disease. For others pathos is keenest for the sufferings of friends. The mother who reiterates in an agonized way, "George, speak to me" to her dying son; a child at night crying for its dead mother; a sister clinging to the body of her dead child; the closing of the coffin; the last rites at the grave; the last breath and the dreadful waiting to see if another comes; the death rattle; the dumb spectacle of strangers meeting their friends in bringing home the dead; the very mimicry of cries of pain and distress; the sight of a blind child groping its way; the ugliness and meaningless of the idiot's face; rickety children with distorted features or bodies; the long whoop of whooping cough; the deaf, idiotic, dwarfed, lame children wearing orthopedic apparatus, and many others of the several hundred diseases recognized by pathological standards which often have specialized the pity of individuals:—these alone would more than fill the pages at our disposal, and the second hand experience through novels which flushes a kind of pity is yet more copious.

M., 48. I visited the scene of the Goshen flood a day after it occurred, and saw them digging out a woman whose limb was sticking from a pile of rubbish. Other victims were being rescued, one of whom I had known. Here, of course, there was no fear, but the sense of compassion was perhaps a little relieved by a touch of indignation that we live in a world where such things can occur.

M., 29. I was a reporter in the Franco-German war and the sight of the wounded, maimed and dead in all the attitudes that chance or the last agonies left bodies impressed me strangely. It was not especially hard at the time to witness these scenes, although there was tension and rapid pulse, but the pathos of it came out later, especially at night in thinking it over.

M., 30. I once saw a man killed just ahead of me on the streets of Berlin by a brick which fell from a high building and crushed his skull. Some years later, coming up Broadway late one Sunday night, a drunken man started to go into a dive; he lurched and fell heavily against a sharp iron picket which penetrated his head as he fell and hung his whole weight by it. The pathos in these two cases was very different. I always pity a drunken man and this death in a shameful state on entering a shameful place stirred me all up and for days grew stronger every time I thought of it. The other case was a more sudden shock and in a sense came nearer to me, because I felt that had I walked a trifle faster I should have been the victim. Thus the sense of personal apprehension was strong.

M., 50. I saw a young man hung for the outrage and murder of a young girl. He seemed possessed but nervous and anxious to have it through. Several hundred spectators had been admitted by ticket to the jail and several fainted after the drop fell. Had he resisted or lost strength and been carried, had his crime been less heinous, or had he struggled after the drop, pity would have been greater. As it was, I felt some nausea and a most intense pity for the man. The agitation of the warden in reading the sentence and pressing the spring, the coffin just behind, the glimpse of prisoners at the bars down all the corridors of the jail, the pale faces and often open mouths of the spectators, the tension of absolute silence which lasted half an hour before the doctors said that the pulse had entirely ceased probably increased the nervous strain. My most painful impression was a compression of the chest, and I think my heart almost stopped when the body jerked up after its first fall. The scene haunted me nights later and I had a very vivid picture of how the face looked under the fatal hood which was probably worse than the reality.

M., 28. I saw a bright young German servant fall from a fourth story window in New York. He came into my room to clean the windows and stepped on the outside clinging to the sash. I cautioned him to be careful. He replied fearlessly and stepped out with bravado, throwing down the lower sash and thus knocking off his fingers which clenched the upper one. I sprung and almost caught his feet, but the expression of his face as he went over backward, I shall never forget. He turned over twice and struck a sidewalk breaking both legs above the knee, the bone of one of which was driven several inches into the ground between the bricks. I was first to pick him up and lay him on the billiard table in the basement. The repetition of this narrative twenty years after, for this questionnaire, brings up not only most painful images, but nervous thrills in the spine, neck and chest. It seemed as though I could not have this bright, cheery life thus extinguished in anguish and oblivion.

Some years ago I saw a tree and a mound in the south, where a poor man with a large family, suspected of a crime of which he was after-

wards proven to be innocent, was dragged from his house by a mob, hung to a tree, and when the limb broke riddled with bullets and tumbled into a hole and buried almost before he ceased to breathe. What kind of a world is there where such things are so common?

M., 27. When as a medical student I first attended surgery clinics, I had to stand in the outer, upper circle, so I could rush out to the fresh air if I felt faint, as I often did. The pathos of it was to see the poor sufferers given ether which they sometimes violently resisted; to know that some of them had not consented to an operation at all and had no suspicion beforehand that it was to occur; in other cases they had been told it was slight when life and death hung in the balance. It seemed as though I could never get used to the stertorous breathing, the bloody hands and often face of the operator. I often wanted to do violence to what I thought the hard heartedness of the physician in stopping to explain points to the class and unnecessarily prolonging the narcosis; watched with great tension those whose business it was to maintain the narcotics and watch the heart; and I wished to call out to them when they turned their attention sometimes to the operation. When it was necessary to go deeper or to remove parts or bones that would forever lame or disfigure the patient, I wanted to cry out "don't" or "wait till another time." At one time I thought I could never be a physician at all, because disease and pain were so intolerable, but I have grown used to it and now expect to be a surgeon.

M., 30. Of all diseases general paresis is most pathetic, because the patients are so happy with their great ideas, and yet the disease is absolutely hopeless. I have had two bright students, both of whom had won honors abroad and done and published good work that gave great promise, who slowly began to be uncritical, speculative, developed plans of almost cosmic dimensions for the advancement of their science, in which one spent all the money he had or could borrow, and the other printed absurd memoirs. Both slowly passed from delusions of greatness to those of persecution, which were directed against me—their best friend. The pathos of it all is even worse than that of death, for the mind dies and the body lives on. I think I would have done or given anything in my power to have turned back the inevitable.

M., 27. In the middle of a twenty-six mile stage ride, I was asked to look after a bright ten year old girl and see that she got off the train, which we should reach at noon, at Oswego. She had been placed by friends in a farmer's family where she was not strong enough to do hard work, and they, it appeared, were now returning her to a city where she had relatives, which neither she nor they knew. Bright, affectionate, orphaned, ignorant of even the alphabet, with all that she possessed tied in a red handkerchief, I carried her asleep in my arms and left her with the station agent and a policeman with such directions as I had gathered, a little after midnight one cold stormy night. My heart actually ached for the child, whom I almost took on to Boston with me to adopt, bachelor though I was.

F., 32. I saw an old lady, whom I had known in my childhood and who had been prominent and influential in the town and who was very proud, ride over the hill to the town poorhouse. She was dressed in black with a red tippet, and all she had I suppose was in a yellow wooden trunk in the wagon behind. She was bowed and I could not see her face, but the poignancy of it was long felt.

M., 78. I shall never forget the slave market in New Orleans, where on a business trip I saw for the first time men, women and children pushed forward and knocked down to the highest bidder. The acme

of pity came in the case of young women, whose charms were so coarsely described.

M., 45. I go often among the blind, deaf, idiots and insane. I think of all these classes, I pity most the blind. Idiots do not realize what they lose, the deaf seem happy and active, the insane sometimes probably think they are more sane than their keepers, but the blind seem to know their loss, are generally pale from lack of exercise, inactive and the saddest of all. No wonder that these institutions appeal to charitable people and that Laura Bridgman, Helen Keller, Tommy Stringer and others have been the means of attracting many gifts to the aid of such defectives.

F., 71. I lately visited the museum of torture instruments in the old castle of Nuremberg and looked down the well eight hundred feet into which they cast the mutilated bodies of the Inquisition. The iron virgin was the worst with the great spikes that entered each eye and one for the heart. I could not have endured another half hour with the voluble guide, whose broken English made the whole thing more pathetic.

M., 33. Years ago I read a book describing the arts beggars have used in all times and instructing them how to excite pity by making artificial sores, making themselves temporarily lame, whipping up froth for the mouth, eating powdered glass, how to starve children, teaching them how to whimper and whine, to get hand organs that were low and plaintive, to look blind, lame, etc. This did not excite my pity, but it suggests the strength of the sentiment they appeal to by such trumpery methods and explains how secure and happy the hobo's life may be, because he relies on so strong a sentiment for his living.

M., 29. The very able lady who for very many years has presided over the Associated Charities of Boston, told me that the best method of identifying beggars was by their pathetic story. Each works out a legend, which often becomes very telling by frequent repetitions, of abuse, injustice, disease, misfortune, by which they are often identified under the various disguises they assume.

*Poverty, vice and crime* have frequent mention. Of the vices drunkenness is most prominent. To see a man reduced to a state of bestiality in which he may do anything obscene or violent or to see him helpless and maudlin, uttering incoherences or saying what in his normal state he would most abhor, and the sufferings of his family, are most prominent. Crime, whether against person or property, excites remarkably little abhorrence, and the criminal arrested, tried, imprisoned and executed, evokes this sentiment with an amazing strength and generality which shows how much stronger it is in the human heart than the sentiment of justice. Unjust imprisonment, especially with suffering, is one of the most pathetogenic incidents of life, and Libby prison of course plays its prominent rôle. The pathos of the gallows, the guillotine and electrocution comes in for its share of this sentiment. Poverty is pitied because it involves so many of the more elementary deprivations; the desperate misery of the very poor as contrasted with the very rich finds strong expression with and occasionally utterance of condemna-

tion and even contempt for the laziness and inefficiency described as its causes.

Many experiences of *fire* and *water* are mentioned. Some pity most those who suddenly lose everything in a conflagration or describe the painful scenes of men and women smothered or leaping from high buildings; hanging in night-dress from windows; the tortures of being slowly smothered and roasted in the Lloyd steamers; the possibility of waking from trance in a cremation furnace; the horrors of dying people being removed from the flames; fire in railroad wrecks; the life of firemen; explosions in mines; the great fires of Boston, Chicago and London; the sufferings of shipwreck, storms and cold at sea; death from famine and thirst in life-boats; the scenes at the moment when ships go down; wreck of the Portland, the Maine and La Burgoyne are dwelt upon. The smothering effects of drowning are compared with being buried alive. Some small children pity sufferers most for the smoke in their eyes and one has shuddering symptoms at the sound of fire bells and whistles.

Soldiers stand in a peculiar relation to this sentiment. Their hardships, wounds, neglect, death on the battlefield, etc.; their lack of nursing; their liability to be drafted into service or to be suddenly called away from home or sweethearts; their sorrowful partings; their plain food, long marches, heavy burdens; exposure and failure to get letters; their fond thoughts of home and pathetic gazing at photographs; carrying Bibles next their hearts, which perhaps save their lives; disappointments in finding death, absence, alienated affection when they return; their lack of shelter—all these make the soldier's life almost a school of pity by itself, while poetry and romance have evolved a conventional body of sentiments and images often very distinct from reality but of wondrous efficacy. The effect is greatly heightened by the admiration of courage; the intense interest in conflict; the splendor of victory; the dazzling and impressive appearance of uniform, of parades, bands and martial glory. Whatever Tommy Atkins is in himself, he occupies a place in both the pity and the love of susceptible young women which no one else of his rank or station begins to equal.

Several respondents pity most young *women who want to marry* but cannot. Conventiality, which prevents them from making advances, and circumstances over which they have no control condemn those who by nature are best qualified for honorable wifehood and motherhood to an isolation of heart and soul for which the new spheres opening to womanhood and which attract so many are no consolation. Some depict a vast volume of mute and half unconscious wretchedness which sours life not only for the individual but for all those about them to this cause. Several mention as objects of great pity wives,

who for some reason can have no children, and find in sterility a peculiar pathos. Others pity bachelor women, who do not want or are distinctly averse to domestic life, and even urge that such cases are most of all pathetic because of their naïve innocence of the cause of many manifestations of perverted maternity, and because they do not know what real happiness is but are content with its counterfeit. Some urge that the most defeminized of these specimens, who are so prone to diminutives suggesting endearment, who lavish affection upon dolls, cats, poodles, criminals, and take sentimental views of life, are the most pathetic of all objects, and one young woman strenuously prefers for herself some hardships and even abuse from a husband to this. Yet the saints who pity and those who do its tenderest offices everywhere are the sterile workers of humanity, who give to mankind the wealth of affection made for a family circle and illustrate by the transvaluations of love how transformable it is and how many kinetic equivalents it has. These lives seem to have skipped one stage of development and to be farther on toward the disinterested love of the human race and its highest evolution than others. Some pity most the entire sex, present and especially past.

*Old age* is often mentioned, because the aged cannot play; must sit still or get around or move slowly; lack teeth or stomach for the best kinds of food; are bald, cannot see well or use glasses; are so weak, have such a thin voice, are so irritable cannot bear noise. A boy of twelve saw his father working in the field on his fortieth birthday, take off his hat, and as the sun shone on his bald and gray head thought "poor old man he will soon be dead," and sobbed, as did a girl when her mother first wore a wig. As parents pity the helplessness of early infancy, so children when life is hottest and fastest, most pity the second infancy of extreme age.

Not to multiply instances unduly all *pain* that is appreciated is pitied. Children most pity physical, adults psychic suffering. As if to compensate for much of that distress that is not understood, a vast body of pity is vented on objects and in circumstances where there is no distress but often only enjoyment.

Girls and women far more often specify single cases in detail, and boys and men are prone to generalize. After the dawn of adolescence each sex is more easily affected by the forms of the other than by those of its own gender.

This sentiment is not limited to members of the human family. Pity for *animals* is usually not very vivid unless they are suffering extremely or are connected with the family. Many children think, "what if I were the dog, cat," or other suffering pet in question. In its gesture, sound or eyes, they read an

unutterable yearning for their pity. Even those who hate cats and other animals or feel an especial repulsion often pity them intensely. Some say "exactly as if they were human" and others declare their pity to be of a very different quality. Others have found their sympathy quickened by reading *Black Beauty*, *Our Dumb Animals*, or by joining Bands of Mercy. Some even try to rescue drowning flies, get out and walk up hill if the horse has an extra load, etc. Girls often conceive inextinguishable likes and dislikes for men by observing their treatment of animals. The fact that they are dumb often wings the arrow of pity to the core of the heart. The horse, in our returns, is most often pitied because he works so hard, is sometimes abused, overloaded, checked high, pulled at the mouth, left without blanketing, driven too fast, docked, shaved, underfed, made to run up hill, used when lame, blind, thin, made too sweaty, etc. Some pity horses because they were once so free and are now subject to man. Others specify that their pity is because they are so willing to do what they can. Some object to races or pity the losing horse or the aging one. The horse has thus had much to do with widening the range of human sympathy. Dogs are pitied in dog days, when their tails or ears are mutilated, when they are hungry, old, lost or friendless, etc. Some specify particularly pathetic looks in dogs as they gaze in your face in a yearning way. A long list of girl protestations about boys' abuse of cats appears. Many must bring home every lost animal and pity young birds that have fallen from the tree in a storm, are brought in by the cat, especially if not dead, killed for hat feathers, etc.; the Thanksgiving slaughter of turkeys, squirrel hunts, frogs stoned by boys, creatures caught in traps or hunted cause pity. Pity roused by abuse turns readily to anger toward the abuser and many want to inflict the same punishment upon them for revenge or perhaps for justice. Even fish and reptiles are often pitied.

M., 25. Threw a stone at a bird on a telephone wire, hit it, was frightened and ashamed, watched it all day, pitied its mate most intensely and debated whether I should bury it or expose it so the mate could know the worst.

M., 25. When a child, peeped into the ruins of a burned barn where lay five horses suffocated by smoke. Felt a lump in my throat, tried to run away so the children would not see my tears, but fell from weakness.

F., 28. One of two horses, which had grown up and worked together for years, was sold. The other lost its appetite, grew clumsy, weak, looked sad, and roused my compassion to the uttermost.

M., 18. My dog had fits, and every time I could neither look at him nor keep away, felt as though I must do something but could do nothing.

F., 14. We always had plenty of pets and animals, and I felt for and pitied them a great deal, especially those more intelligent, because they wanted to speak and could not. This their appealing eyes

showed. Children who do not have pets, like one of our neighbors, have no pity for animals.

F., 13. I cannot bear to see chickens shut up in a coop or birds in a cage. I have once or twice made great trouble for myself and others by releasing them.

F., 20. Saw a man beat a horse unmercifully with a spade; could not call, speak or leave the window. I seemed to be stifling and was weak for many hours.

F., 10. When my pet cat was lost, I imagined every kind of torture for it for months. At first it hurt me very much, but later I rather liked to imagine new adventures every night.

F., 22. I used to pity animals of all kinds profoundly, but of late years I do not have that choky sensation and quickened heart beat, but only feel depressed.

F., 12. Once I heard of a man who in rage pulled out his horse's tongue. I felt as if the inside of my body had dissolved and the picture of the bleeding mouth of that poor horse was with me for days.

F., 14. Am in a perfect frenzy of pity and rage to see a horse or any dumb beast hurt. I rushed up to a man pounding his horse once and bit him. There is nothing I cannot do.

F., 21. I had a Saint Bernard dog that was long sick. It was four years ago, but I recall very well just how the pity affected me and where it was located in the stomach.

F., 18. Homeless animals, especially if old, touch me most; would like to found a hospital where they could be tenderly cared for.

F., 8. Came round a corner just in time to see a squeaking pig killed. My blood ran cold and I felt as though the knife was stuck into me.

F., 18. At the dog hospital in the University of Pennsylvania, I saw a dog bandaged and panting on the floor of the cage. Was profoundly impressed and wished I could know if it got well.

F., 25. I have the extremest pity for animals that are killed for food. Once for a long time I would not eat their flesh lest I should be guilty of their death. This was after I saw sheep killed once at a slaughter house. To see calves and cattle in the cars going to their death fills me with grief.

F., 38. Words can never express the pathos of vivisection. A man who can cut up the flesh of a live animal, I would not dare to be left alone with. There must be some special punishment for them and I hope some special reward hereafter for their victims.

F., 20. I saw a pretty muffy dog run over by a butcher's cart. It gave me a pang at the heart that made me feel for a long time as though if anything else sudden occurred to me like a fright, I should die of it. I loved the dog and grieved, but the chief feeling was a nervous shock.

M., 26. A pretty black King Charles dog was given to me as a boy, but it proved very troublesome in many ways as we were situated, and a hired man was told to kill it when I was away. I happened to see him strike its head with a hammer holding its body between his legs. I flew at the man and would have done the same thing to him if I could. I do not know whether anger or pity was strongest.

M., 23. I had to shoot a dog that was old and half blind. The boys who owned it could not and I had often played with it, but nerved myself. The gun tore the top of his head off, but as he lay there he looked at me so sweetly and reproachfully that I shall never feel guiltless of Tiger's death to my dying day.

F., 19. We had a playful kitten in the house for a month or two of



whom we had all grown very fond. One day coming down the stairs I stepped on its head not knowing it was near, and it had to be killed. The crunch of its skull under my heel and the horrid thought that I had killed my pet made me sick. I went to bed and sobbed; vomited till the retching seemed to tear my heart.

*Plants, and even inanimate nature, often serve this sentiment.*

F., 18. Always thought flowers had life and breath like human beings and was made nearly mad to see them willfully torn and thrown away. I felt most strongly about pansies because they seemed like little faces.

F., 23. When a child I saw in the woods where a boy with a hatchet had barked some young hickories. It seemed to me like cutting the skin off a person's body and I could not escape the idea that the tree was suffering, or bleeding, or weeping.

F., 9. My dolly had her kid skin broken and let out the sawdust and a wire stuck through. This seemed dolly's breast bone. I put vaseline on it and bandaged it, but cried all the time.

F., 6. One cold night having forgotten to cover a favorite doll, I went down stairs and wrapped it in a blanket and felt happy. She was restless and tearful before.

F., 11. My doll's teeth were broken and I pitied her intensely, because her jaws must have ached so.

F., 16. Pities flowers and roadside plants when the leaves are covered with dust. I feel as if they could not breathe.

F., 20. When a child imagined flowers and trees lived in families like people with papas and mammas, brothers and sisters, and when flowers were pulled their parents cried just as human parents would, and I often cried myself.

F., 26. When very young a heavy freight train went by. The engine often stopped and puffed hard, and I went sobbing to mother telling her the poor engine had to work so hard. All her explanation could not prevent my pity.

M., 28. When a child I used to pity the moon, when black clouds passed over it. It seemed to me that it had been naughty and was being punished.

M., 30. My little brother rocked too hard on his rocking horse and it fell over and its head was broken. He cried until it was stuck on again, because he thought he would feel it just as we would.

M., 24. There was a bronze statue in the square near our house, and all winter I was much troubled because I thought it suffered from the cold.

F., 15. When a few fine flowers were left over on a bush, I pitied them because I thought they must feel injustice to be left, and I have often gone back and picked them to save their feelings.

F., 19. As a child my mother had me put away the bread every night. In the winter I always rolled each loaf in a cloth, laying another over it and tucking in the edges very carefully, so that it would not feel cold that night.

F., 17. On a roadside, where we often drove, was the figure of a little darky which served as a hitching post. I used to pity the poor little fellow because I thought how tired he must get and how his arm must ache standing there day and night, summer and winter, holding the hitching rein between his fingers. I often remarked upon the subject.

F., 18. The story of the foolish harebell, read to me as a child, always gave me pangs of pity for the poor flower.

In seventy-two cases, pity is expressed for flowers broken, dying, wilting, withered, dusty, neglected, frozen, picked, broken by storms, etc. In fifty cases pity is expressed for trees cut, limbs broken, blossoms mutilated, struck by lightning, blown down, being sawed, cut down in their prime, because they cannot move away. To some chopping down a tree seems like murder; others pity solitary trees fighting the wind or standing bleakly on a hill; others pity pines and firs in winter. Tenderness is repeatedly expressed for pansies as resembling faces. Sixty-two state that they never felt pity for any inanimate or vegetable objects. There is often an uncertainty and indefiniteness respecting the nature of the feeling. Some, who are deeply affected, do not consider it quite accurate to call it pity or say it is not pity in quite a true sense.

*Sounds and noises in nature* often have great pathetic power.

F., 34. Although it seems a small thing. I think the sound that called forth the greatest pity in my mind was the mew of a little kitten that looked starved to a skeleton, it seemed so human.

F., 21. The chirping of a mother bird for its little one, which had fallen from the nest and could not fly, was especially pathetic.

M., 19. In a country house during a violent snow storm, the bleating of the sheep, and especially of the lambs in their distress, had a tang about it that was the most pathetic thing I ever heard.

F., 10. When father died, I heard my brother give one long sob that I shall never forget to my dying day.

M., When nine, and often since, the cry of Indians when they behold their dead, which I have heard in a wild west show and later on the plains, was maddeningly pathetic.

F., 8. A mother's cry, when her child caught its eye in a sharp hook, drove me to distraction, made me restless and sleepless, and I made everybody around me unhappy to find out what became of the little one.

F., 11. The cry of horses in a burning barn near my home was the most terrible thing I ever heard.

F., 23. When driving saw a horse run away and break a carriage. The cry of the ladies in it, who were badly wounded, was so mournful I could not get over it.

M., 29. The sound of a consumptive's incessant coughing is the most heart rending sound I know.

F., 28. When father was gunning, some one shot Rover. The dog was brought home and cried piteously till he died. I sobbed myself sick, and although it is years ago can hear that cry yet.

M., 25. As a boy, on very cold nights, the cries and moans of the wind, the crashing of the ice on the pond, the crunching of the wheels on the snow were so mournful that I used to lie awake pitying those who were out and unprotected.

F., 23. The cry of a man in almost the last stages of leprosy, which I heard in the East, imploring aid, seemed to express entreaty, warning, but above all despair that moved my whole being to the core.

F., 23. As a child, if I heard a bagpipe, I would leave my play, run to my room and close my ears, it gave me such an indescribable feeling of sadness.

F., 28. When our factory burned, the watchmen tied back the spring

valve to the whistle, which blew continuously till the flames burned off the cord. This was the most haunting, melancholy sound I ever heard.

M., 26. Describes a boy of six crying "mamma" as his mother's body was being lowered into the grave.

M., 24. My father's call to me and to mother during the years of his illness I can hear now just as I go to sleep. Once he tried to get up, fell and groaned, and it went through me like an electric shock.

M., 40. I saw a child fall from a fourth story window; could stand that, but the guttural sound the little one made in its helplessness was paralyzing.

M., 26. When a child, the notes of certain wild birds made me feel that they were lonesome and homeless and were crying out for company.

Sounds maddeningly pathetic, as specified in our returns, may be indicated by the following phrases with the number of cases appended:—Wind moaning, 45; sighing, 23; whistling, 6; cry, howl or whine of a dog, 42; in the night, 19; in distress, 4; the peculiar cry of a cat, 14; bleating of lambs, 13; church bells at night or tolling, 20; infants' cry, 30; lowing of a cow for its calf, 4; the moan of sick or insane people, 18; the cry of a loon, 4; muffled beating of a funeral drum, 2; hooting of an owl, 4; the frogs at night, 8; the cry of a robin whose nest is being robbed, 2; creaking of trees and blinds, 5; the phœbe, whippoorwill, turtle dove, katydid; the cry of a father to a horse running away with his daughter; the cry of a drowning person, of those recovering from ether; the whistle of a tug boat out in a storm; the death rattle of a grandfather are also specified.

Just as we are more conscious of stress, inflection and speech—music generally if people are just too far away for us to catch the words, so interjectional cries of all sorts have more power over the emotions than when they are articulated words. As the eye is the sense of the intellect, the ear is the avenue of emotional communication.

## II. IN ART AND LITERATURE.

Pictures have great power to rouse pity. Despite their removal from reality they have great power to evoke real but more remote heat-lighting phenomena. In our returns the Crucifixion is specified 100 times; Gethsemane, 17; Christ carrying the cross, 19; Christ before Pilate, 20; Peter's denial, 22; Mary at the tomb, 11; stripping Christ of his raiment, 6; Mary at the foot of the cross, 14; Last Supper, 15; cross stations, 18; babe in the manger, 6; the crucified Lord in his mother's arms, 6; other pictures with special power of pathos mentioned more than once are Jerusalem on the day of the Crucifixion; Christ or Diana; Daniel in the lions' den; the stag at bay; Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac; the slaughter of the innocents; Mater

Dolorosa; breaking of home ties; Niobe; Ariadne; Laocöon; death of the wolf; burial of Attila; death of Lear; two slavery pictures—one where they were throwing the chained victims overboard to hide their crime before a pursuing frigate overtook them, and another where a brutal man was flogging a beautiful slave woman; wreck of the Hesperus; the dying gladiator; Napoleon coming from Russia; soul wandering from God; the gleaners; Prometheus bound; the Spanish beggars; wreck of the Minataur; the last token; the deluge; execution of Lady Jane Grey; death of Mary Queen of Scots; Marie Antoinette going to her death; the sacrifice of Pocahontas; Dante weeping over Beatrice; forgotten; deserted; can't you forgive me? the Neophyte who had just taken monastic vows he seemed to regret; girl bidding lover going to the wars good-by; children weeping over the grave of their soldier father; girls sentenced to death making a last appeal to the Virgin; old man at fire-place smoking—his only comfort; women watching at seaside for a vessel that came not; sheep huddled before a blinding snow storm; cow alone in the field with snow beating upon her; dying soldier looking at a picture of his wife and children in his watch case; people hanging out of the windows and falling from burning building; destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii; picture of the Chinese victims of leprosy; old man alone beside dead wife; shepherd lost in the storm; the inundation; water just filling the kennel of a chained dog, which was trying to save children; mother having lost a child became insane and carried a billet of stove wood wrapped in a shawl, children silently pitying her; Bluebeard dragging his wife upstairs by the hair, sword in hand; soldier bringing a letter to wife of dead comrade, he weeps while she reads, most touched by a little girl who did not understand; feeding the hungry; picture of a wife going to the guillotine in the days of the French Commune and saying loudly to her agonized husband, who rushed to save or take her place, "I do not know you," and passing on to death alone because she thought recognition would involve him in the same doom; old negro at table with his head on arms hiding his face, plate and empty chair near, with a flower by the plate; old monkey with sick young one in its arms, suggesting the affection of animals.

Nearly two hundred novels are mentioned more than once and the scene in them, which touched the deepest chord of pity which the respondent had ever felt. These it is difficult to characterize. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is mentioned nearly three times as often as any other work as moving pity. Next follow in order *Evangeline*, *East Lynne*, *Enoch Arden*, *The Old Homestead*, *Quo Vadis*, *Hiawatha*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Romona*, *The Elsie Books*, *Man without a Country*,

*Mill on the Floss, Ben Hur, Thelma, Lorna Doone, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield, Little Women, Merchant of Venice, The Babes in the Wood, Jane Eyre, Defoe's Plague of London, Army Nurses, Ancient Mariner, Flight of the Tartar Tribe, Donald and Dorothy, Ten Nights in a Bar-room, Birds' Christmas Carol.* The most pathetic scene in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are his own death and next that of Eva. The age at which this book is most often read and also most affective is from twelve to fifteen. The passage where Eva has her curls cut, calling in the negroes, and giving them one each to remember her by when she is dead; the whipping of Tom, his sale and separation from his family, his parting from Eva, the sale of Eliza's child, the grief of Aunt Chloe, Eva's good-by to Topsy and to her father.

The following are a few of the most touching incidents in the above stories. The misery of Ada Graham with her step-mother; the pity for Ben Hur's mother and sister in their wanderings, imprisonment, leprosy, unjust accusations; Ginger's telling his troubles to Black Beauty; story of a windlass drawbridge, where the keeper's child in trying to turn it aright in time for an approaching train, fell into the water and was drowning, the father's frantic strain between love and duty, finally righting the bridge and leaping in saving his child; the parting of Beulah and her younger sister at the orphan asylum when the latter is taken away by a strange lady; boy carried out to sea by the tide in a boat; Burns' story of the poor little mouse; death of Steerforth; Copperfield leaving home; Faust pleading with the devil who comes to claim his promised soul; the pathos of Dreyfus, particularly when his sword is publicly taken and broken, his epaulettes and buttons torn off before his comrades; friendless little Nello alone in the world but for a faithful dog, when his last hope from a picture is unsuccessful; Elsie always trying to make her father love her older spoiled cousin, Emma, while the latter causes him to misjudge and maltreat his own child; the Acadians driven from home, families parting in the churchyard, the farewell glance at their burning village; Evangeline searching for her lover and finding him on his death bed, the hospital scene, etc.; the imprisonment of Marguerite and her praying at the shrine of the Madonna; Pip's cruel treatment of Joe Gargery who had done so much for him; the desertion of Amy Holden by her own husband; Rebecca in the hands of Front de Beuf, the treatment also of old Isaac; for Mr. Rochester with his insane wife and Jane's treatment by her aunt; Halifax thrown out into the world to beg; the inevitable separation of Lucille from her true love; a hero sentenced never to see his country again or even to hear of it while reading to his companions and stumbling

over the lines "Breathes there a man, etc.;" and who dies exhorting his companions to loyalty; little Nell's devotion to her grandfather and most of all her death; Uncle Josh searching for his son, finding him drunk, giving alms to a tramp really his son to whom he tells of his long search, with the quartette "The old oaken bucket" generally inserted here; the hunger of poor Oliver who could not get enough to eat, and the death of Nancy Sykes; Ramona, the Indian girl, engaged to Alessandro, he shot and she condemned to sorrow the rest of her life; Little Red Riding Hood so deceived by the wolf; poor Rip's treatment by his wife as if he were a child, when he is so kind to everybody; the lonely life of Savanarola and the injustice he suffered; the hero who is guillotined in place of another, because the latter can do more good in the world; the tragic end of the cripple Aseneth singing in the flames of Pemberton Mill, Lawrence, for joy from escape from a life too cruel to bear; for Ruth Hope persuaded by an adventurer to marry him, and finding too late that he was vile and a pauper; the passage in "Under the spreading chestnut tree," "It sounds to me like his mother's voice singing in Paradise."

M., 27. Some of the scenes in Dante's Hell, where he places many who did not deserve it, and in the limbo of infants and purgatory of philosophers, and more yet the calvinistic conception of infants suffering in hell forever for the guilt of their progenitors, and pictures of devils torturing the damned, that I have seen in foreign galleries, used to melt me with a pathos which lately is changing into indignation.

F., 44. I never cried harder than over the pathos of poor Rip Van Winkle abused by his wife, so good hearted, yet so besotted, especially when he wakes up from his long sleep and finds everything and everybody that he knew gone.

F., 35. Of all tales in the world, that of "Patient Griselda" is most moving to me. Beautiful, and ideal wife, her husband suspects her love, makes her dress in rags, do menial service, expose herself to insult, lose his love and that of her children one after another, but the sweetness of her submission to it all is what melts the heart and brings the tears.

F., 30. Some things in Walt Whitman's "Leopardi," in James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," perhaps the most pathetic of all books, or Burton's anatomy of melancholy, sometimes haunt me with a *Weltschmerz* that is unendurable.

M., 33. Solitary confinement, as in the Zellen-Gefängnis of Berlin, seems to me the most pathetic of all punishments. I would far rather die than to be cut off from all human intercourse and be condemned to the society of spiders or a shrub in the yard, like poor Pellico. No book I ever read wrung my heart more than his life.

The scene between the Prince and Hubert, who comes to murder him, in Mr. Tree's revival of King John; the story of Evangeline; of Llewellyn and his dog; of Laocöon in the light of Lessing's description of his suffering and the expression of it as compared with that of Philoctetes; the tale of Jephtha's daughter, innocent, beloved, and wandering two weeks in the mountains to prepare for death, owing to

her father's foolish vow ; Scott's Helvellyn, the Wandering Jew seeking everywhere, but in vain, death as a relief from superannuation—these have wrung my heart more than anything else I can now recall.

For many the most pathetic story and scene they have ever read or heard involve death as in the following: where the babes in the wood lie down and die and are covered with leaves by robins; for two in Roache's "Children of the Abbey," where Captain January is asked to give up his little Star and where he later dies; Sheldon's crucifixion of Philip Strong, especially the winter hardships of the child who died after its mother; the story of the poor slum preacher killed by a saloon keeper, whose business he had ruined, as told in "The Dawn of the Gods;" the death of Siegfried, after he had been speared and carried on a bier of twigs toward his home up the hill; Tennyson's "Elaine;" Lady Isabel in "Elsie Dinsmore" watching her son Willie die when he did not know she was his mother, she being in her own husband's house as governess, and seeing him whom she loved wedded to another, later dependent on her cousin who abused her, and dying at last; the unjust persecution of Sir Guy in Younge's "Heir of Redcliffe" and his going to nurse his cousin Philip, knowing that if he takes the disease he will die as he does; the picture of Hiawatha standing by his wife's grave and repeating the passage beginning "Farewell, Minnehaha," and where the "fever and the famine waste the body;" the parting of Hector and Andromache and the former's death; the shooting of Buck and his cousins by the Shephardsons and when Huckleberry Finn pulled them up on the bank and covered their faces with weeds; a negro boy charged with his master's boots and shot by a would-be thief, saying as his master came up just in time to see him die, "Massa, I hab done de bes I could, I have kep de boots;" in a story the crisis of which reads "for a moment more the mute and the leper stood in sight, then without one backward glance upon the unkind human world, turning their faces toward the ridge in the depths of the swamp known as the "lepers' land," they stepped into the jungle, disappeared and were never seen again;" a story recited by an elocutionist of a little girl whose mother refused to kiss her good-night because she had been naughty, whose restlessness later awakened her mother who found her flushed and out of her mind, in her delirium she cried in baby prattle language "pease kiss me, mamma, I'll be dood," and died reiterating this; the story of a young man from the country who had just become a London physician and whose old mother of homely ways planned to give him a surprise visit, she found him with his fiancée, a lady of superior rank, and being ashamed of her represented his mother to all in the household as his old nurse, the next morning she was

gone and after a long search found in a hospital, the fiancée and son kneeling by her side when she died; the story of the young woman who with long delay and great heroism escaped imprisonment in a tower, but had to die nevertheless just after; the tale of Virginius, especially the lines beginning "and now my own dear little girl," the tale of a poor girl selling matches Christmas night, and so absorbed in the splendors seen through a rich man's window that she froze to death on the doorstep; a child dying, the eldest sister brings the father from a saloon with the message of his little one, "I want to kiss papa good-night;" a little boy who stuck a postage stamp on his forehead, went to the postoffice and asked to be sent to his papa who was in heaven, on the way home he was run over and killed and "papa's little letter was with God;" the story of an early Christian martyr girl, beautiful, and brought up in great luxury, who suffered everything before she died; a hero's wife killed by soldiers for refusing to betray a refugee sheltered in her house; the verse "Nearer the bounds of life where burdens are laid down;"—these may serve as samples of the pathos of death as represented in literature. Sporadic mention only was made of scenes and "motifs" in the Greek, German, and French classical drama.

In response to a request in an English journal for the *most pathetic passages in literature* the following were most emphasized.

"Fear no more the heat of the sun,  
Nor the furious winter rages;  
Thou, thy worldly task hast done,  
Home hast gone and ta'en thy wages."

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour:—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"But if the master call, run to the ship, forsaking all thy belongings, and looking not behind; and if thou be in old age, do not go far from the ship at any time lest the master call and thou be not ready."

"I was so young, I loved him so, I had  
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell."

"And to be wroth with those we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain."

"I do love thee so  
That I in your sweet thought would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should work you woe."

"It was a childish ignorance, but now has little joy  
To know I am further off from heaven than when I was a boy."

"The heartless and intolerable indignity of earth to earth."

Tennyson's Tithonous who vainly prayed God to take back his gift of immortality.



Me only, cruel immortality  
 Consumes . . . . .  
 A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream,  
 Immortal age beside immortal youth.

An able youth, 1805, perished on Mt. Hellvellyn, three months later his remains were found still guarded by his dog.

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber,  
 When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start?"

"We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died."

"My long lost beauty hast thou folded quite  
 Thy wings of morning light."

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ,  
 Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit  
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
 Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

"She never told her love,  
 But let concealment like a worm in the bud  
 Prey on her wasted cheek."

"My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar  
 And I must pause till it come back to me."

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

"Never morning wore  
 To evening, but some heart did break."

"If the hand that I love lay me low,  
 There cannot be pain in the blow."

"O, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrevocably dark, total eclipse, without the hope of day."

"So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

"Deep as first love and wild with all regret,  
 O, death in life, the days that are no more."

"No more, no more, O never more to me  
 The freshness of the heart like dew shall fall."

"O, the insufferable eyes of those poor 'might have beens,'  
 Those fatuous, ineffectual yesterdays."

"Guilt with sweet day's decline  
 And sad with promise of a different sun."

"Es wär zu schön gewesen.  
 Es hat nicht sollen sein."

*Music.* This language of the feelings and the emotions has wondrous power to melt and move all the sentiments cognate with pathos. Sacred music, funeral music, masses for the dead, the minor key, the organ, Moody and Sankey, love or longing for home or country, unsuccessful love, most Hungarian and negro music, music of Memorial Day, are the classes most often specified and in that order. Special pieces are often mentioned and perhaps their effects dwelt upon.

"Almost persuaded," sung low with sweet voices, is mentioned five times; weird and solemn music; "He was rejected;" Mendelssohn's "Consolation;" the songs of colored revivalists because they are "so far above animals and also from us;" "If He shall say well done;" "Home sweet home;" "The baggage coach ahead;" "Break the news to mother;" "Songs without words;" "Nearer to Thee;" "Abide with me;" "Lead kindly light;" "Palms," which seems especially affective with mature people; "Where is my wandering boy;" Rossini's "Stabat mater;" Schubert's "Earl King" and his "Wanderer;" the story and many scenes in Wagner's "Parsifal;" the Lohengrin "Wedding March;" "The vacant chair;" "Tramp, tramp;" "Just before the battle;" "Way down upon the Swanee River;" "Nobody knows de trouble I have seen;" "We'd better bide a wee;" "The old Kentucky home;" "Over the hills to the poor-house;" "Mount Vernon bells;" "The drunkard's daughter;" "Auld Lang Syne;" "Old black Joe;" "Our battleship the Maine;" "The Whippoorwill;" "Kathleen Mavourneen" (Crouch); "Ben Bolt;" "Days of Yore;" "Mamma's in heaven;" "Dreaming of home;" "Love's golden dream;" "That is love;" Beethoven's "Sonata pathétique;" his "Farewell to Piano;" "Fifth symphony;" "I know that my redeemer liveth;" the whole story of the decline of the gods or the *Götterdämmerung*; the song of two children born and dying the same day, one rich and the other poor; the song "Punchinello;" many of the songs by colored singers; "The holy city;" "In that city;" "Dies irae;" "Gregorian requiem;" "Shall you, shall I;" "Rock of Ages;" "Rest for the weary;" "Far away in that far land;" "When the mists have cleared away;" "Angel voices ever near me;" "At the cross;" "Let the lower lights be burning;" "Some time we will understand;" "The silent land;" "Why not come to Him now;" "Blessed home beyond this land of ours;" "Green hill far away:" these are all specified more than once, and some of them many times, as producing unusually strong effects of pathos and sometimes uncontrollable weeping, anorexia, and faintness. Some shiver as though with the cold; many describe symptoms in the back and spine first, or the hair; others have peculiar tingling sensations; various secretions are stimulated; the respiration and the pulse are affected. For some the timbre of the violin always calls forth this feeling (22 cases); for others the bass but most often the alto voices. Most who undertook this topic were more or less musical and from these returns alone it would seem that the strongest effect is produced neither by music nor by words, but by their judicious combination.

The sentiment of pity has played a rôle of supreme impor-

tance in the spread of *Christianity*. Hundreds of returns specify particularly all the experiences of Passion week. Some are most completely melted at the desertion of Christ by his disciples, others at the betrayal, others by his struggles of soul with himself and with the Father in Gethsemane, but most prominent of all in this galaxy of incitations to pathos is the crucifixion itself and the incidents connected with it. The stations of the cross are often mentioned; Christ commending his mother to the care of the beloved disciple; the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" Christ met by his mother on the way to Calvary; taken from the cross and laid upon the bosom of the mother of sorrows; the scene where Christ is stripped of his garments, his flesh bruised and torn from the scourging; the long journey up the hill with the heavy cross and the three falls under its weight; Mary at the foot of the cross seeing the Divine Son suffer and unable to even wipe the blood from his face. The propensity of pity to focus upon some incident in a whole ganglion of events is seen in the group of returns describing the way in which the feelings were effected by the nails of the cross.

F., 32. Never since her conversion has heard the word "nail" without a nervous shudder, the very sound of the word seems cruel.

F., 32. Feels them so intensely that the reader of her returns cannot refrain from thinking that she is well on toward stigmata.

F., 17. Has pressed sharp nails against her own hands, although never deep enough to bring the blood, in order to realize more acutely how it felt.

M., 40. From the age of fifteen all through adolescence often found the place exactly in the centre of his palm where the nails went in. A painful wound near this spot in the hand brought him to Jesus.

F., 21. Used to have very exact ideas what kind of nails were used. They were ten penny nails, blunt at the point, square, and rusty.

F., 34. Often on seeing old nails that looked antique felt a pain in her palms and sometimes in her feet from the strength of her imagination.

M., 26. Pictured the details thus. The nails for the feet were more than twice as large and came out in front of the heel and helped support the weight. They were driven in near to the head in the feet, but in the hands the heads were hammered down into the flesh causing needless pain, and the last blow broke the skin as it rolled over between the hammer and the nail. As a child often shuddered, thinking how the first blows would squeech and creak before they would go through the flesh.

There were twenty-eight who expressed themselves as profoundly affected by nail items.

The spear was decidedly less prominent. Some thought it merciful to end his suffering; others felt that he was too far gone to suffer much from it.

F., 29. Used to place her hand under the lower ribs and thought she could feel the spot where the spear went in.

F., 23. Had a very vivid image of the spear, thought it barbed so that the pain of withdrawing it was even greater than that of thrusting it.

M., 16. Thought it dull and rusty, with a blunt point and with the haft nearly as large as the head. Believed it could not have struck the heart but the stomach as water was mingled with the blood, and thought thus the agony was prolonged.

M., 32. Conceived that the malice with which it was thrust was so great that it penetrated the entire body and was stopped only by the wood of the cross.

M., 32. In the Oberammergau Passion Play, the most pathetic moment to me is when the spear seems to enter the side of Jesus. I had seen the arrangement by which the tinseled point was pushed back by a spring into the haft of the spear, squirting out red ink for blood, but this in no wise affected the poignancy of my sympathy. I saw the play four times and each time felt a lump in my throat and had to wipe my eyes.

Others dwelt upon the sharp thorns pressed into his bleeding head. Some thought these of briars; others of more cruel thorn bushes. A few dwelt upon the pathos of slaking the thirst of a dying man with vinegar and especially given on a dirty sponge. The stripping and scourging were sometimes visualized and dermalized with the greatest vividness. For others the prayer "If it is possible, etc." is the talisman that puts the reader or hearer in the place of the suffering Christ. The order beginning with the most frequent and passing to the most infrequent mentions are the crucifixion itself, next and just half as frequent, scenes in Gethsemane including the betrayal, nails, crown of thorns, scourging, spear, denial, carrying the cross, "If it is possible" and "Why hast thou forsaken me," stripped, vinegar, falling under the cross, meeting his mother on the way, scoffing, the blessed mother receiving her son, kneeling at the foot of the cross, trial before Pilate, loneliness of Jesus, etc.

The circumstances attending the closing scenes of Jesus' life constitute the supremest of all the masterpieces of pathos; nothing in fact or fiction is so consummately calculated to wring the heart. Suffering, both physical and mental, has never been so acute, so graphically and dramatically presented. The incidents succeeded each other in a cumulative way far more effective than in any of the old dramatic unities and their summation seems calculated to bring out every strong and deep tone of which the heart is capable in the field of pity and in all the psychic elements relative thereto. Were it all the creation of some sublime, artistic genius or the slow evolution of the race soul, it would incite hardly less amazement and reverence for the faculties that could create such a masterpiece than we feel for superhuman powers or beings.

Not only this but every effect is intentionally heightened by several fundamental conceptions. First, the innocence and purity of the victim, which always sets off suffering by contrast with the cruelty and vice that inflicts it; secondly, the idea that the suffering was all for mankind in general and for each individual in particular, that every sin and fault of my own drove home the nail or spear, pressed the thorns deeper, added weight to the cross, etc., that to interpret every fault of nature or of purpose as inflicting such pangs upon such a being still is and in the days of the early spread of Christianity among more cruder and more impressionable people was to yet greater extent the mainspring of the power that made the Galileans conquer the world through suffering and sorrow. In many a revival, where all this holy drama has been set in to scene by word painting, really to the cultured more effective than the Oberammergau representations, all this has lived again for the imagination so vividly that men and women have not only groaned and swooned with mental anguish and compunction for their sins, but have suffered with Jesus so acutely as to re-enact the whole story or special parts of it till stigmata appeared from which sometimes real blood has oozed, and visions of opening heaven and sensations of supervening death have been transportingly realistic.

Next to Jesus the sufferings of his mother have excited most compassion and the power of this Catholic conception has never been more manifest than in some of these returns. The stories of many of the fourteen thousand saints, whose biographies the Bolandists have been writing for the past four centuries, appeal chiefly to the sentiment of pity. Most of them are men of transcendent virtue, purity and a kind of naïve consecration—some absorbed in transcendent devotion but tortured to death, a fate which in most cases they welcomed not with stoic imperturbability but with joy and gratitude. The hold of the army of martyrs upon the Christian consciousness, weak as it is to-day, has been most potent and effective in the past.

A great deal of the Old Testament appeals to this sentiment. The story of Joseph, Job, Daniel in the lion's den are intensely pitied by children; the captivity and its incidents; the trial and imprisonment of Paul; Hagar in the wilderness, etc., are very often specified.

The most poignant pity for Jesus, usually felt very keenly in youth, very often wears off by sheer familiarity, and several returns describe how after having passionately longed to do something to mitigate Christ's suffering or to show appreciation for his sacrifice the pathos of it all is mollified by sentiment of admiration, gratitude and reverence. It is often a crisis to conceive what Christ's divinity really means. This sometimes

intensifies pity, but far more often assuages it, because it is felt that a real God cannot really suffer much and that his pain like his death is not fully effective or really real. The deity "motif" in the majority of these returns mitigates the suffering of sympathy, and in some cases is distinctly clung to in the face of intellectual doubt, because it would be so painful to endure the thought of a truly human being without a divine reserve or reservoir of resistance or resiliency undergoing such torture. Jesus' agony at least is here docetically interpreted. Some feel that Jesus' very passivity, while it tends to heighten indignation of his tormentors, intensifies pity. Many returns enlarge upon the blunting effects of familiarity with the story.

M., 26. Used to weep, but now hears or reads the whole story with utter indifference.

F., 23. Hates those who made Christ suffer, but pities more the victims of the fires at Smithfield.

M., 40. No longer feels the sentiment of pity, because it has been so overdone.

F., 19. Cannot recall the old feeling and thinks she is growing hard hearted.

F., 25. Who used to sob and grow very tense with moist eyes and pectoral sensations can still feel for Stephen and for some of the saints, but cannot possibly get up the slightest real feeling of pity for Jesus.

F., 17. Hears the story read in her family Sundays, but just feels a little saddened by it, fears the Holy Spirit is being grieved away and pities herself most keenly because she has wandered from the fold.

F., 22. Used to feel that Jesus was the most pathetic character; now it is Saint Laurence, because his meekness was so admirable and his torture so horrible.

M., 22. Now really pities more a dog whose leg was crushed than he does Jesus as he is distressed to find.

F., 20. Now pities most those who are having a struggle to give up and stand for Christ; has never wept so piteously lately as over a graphic narration of the two women claiming one child, because she pitied the real mother.

F., 47. Used to pity Jesus, now pities sinners, and next to them young Christians who have to pray or talk for the first time in meeting, also backsliders and inert stagnant Christians. Pities those who are taking wrong views and acting on them.

M., 54. Is utterly callous to all kinds of passion stories, because he was too early inoculated.

M., 28. Who used to be deeply moved but is so no longer; thinks it is because he has really, though half unconsciously, ceased to believe them.

Several pity most those who feel themselves lost or think they have committed the unpardonable sin.

What are the attributes or environments that increase pity? The rhetorics tell us of the effects of a noble demeanor, of a sensitive nature, of culture and refinement. These are increased by dignity, silence and non-resistance in the victim, although Kirschmann urges that the hero may be too exalted to

be thoroughly pitied. A high-toned quietism that is not easily roused to vengeance; the poise that faces torture without excessive agitation; that foresees, yet controls, or represses all show of fear; the heroism that takes for duty's sake pains that might have been avoided; that stands at the post that fate has assigned with heroism and fidelity; the stoic's imperturbability developed in an age of declining culture when the great goods man had striven for, and in some measure realized, seem doomed to decay; but when with perfect loyalty to their highest conceptions of human dignity the philosopher found resources not accessible to the common man that partly compensated for and in part exalted him above pain.

All this is greatly increased if the individual is entirely innocent and even sinless, so that deserving perhaps of all good that can be conceived he suffers all the ills that misfortune can visit upon man arranged with diabolically artistic and cumulative effect. The world is more or less familiar with suffering for the sins of our ancestors by heredity, and the curse of Atreus line has played its great rôle of havoc in the world of tragic sin, guilt and atonement, until even this is not novel to the degree of being unique. When, however, the sufferer is represented as spotless even in his heredity and yet enduring the greatest evil with a bearing and spirit instinct with the conviction that no ill can befall a good man living or dying, the very acme of pity and pathos is attained. Neither art nor history has anything more moving in this line. It would be interesting to inquire in detail with all the resources of modern psychology whether the death of Jesus as told in the Gospels could be made more pathetic. The melting thought often is that all this tragedy of woe was spontaneously undertaken in our service. Current Christianity utterly fails to realize the power of pathos, what it can do and what it has done in the world. Whatever else the pathetic motives of Christianity are, the story of its central figure will always be a masterpiece of pathos, indispensable for every study of this sentiment. The scores of the adumbrated efforts of the magicians to reproduce its miracle of transformation of the heart by legends of martyred saints also attest its potency. Most of us now-a-days are too comfortable to be tortured by pity.

Many reports specify a pathetic *depression at twilight* when "the day is past and gone and the evening shades draw near." The garish splendor of the sun is out. It dies in brilliant hues below the western horizon. The potent stimulus to all activity that comes through the retina is reduced, darkness checks activity which it is so hard to secure in blind children. Heat is reduced and with it various physiological processes, which

mark the rhythms not only of day and night but of summer and winter; and as Arrhenius has lately shown of nearly monthly periods of atmospheric electricity or as Gaule<sup>1</sup> discovered of the nightly vanishing of the testicular fat corpuscles of the frog. Night is more often below the optimum of temperature and we can very easily conceive, as Max Müller urges of the primitive Aryans, that for some perhaps very extended time mankind felt fear each night that the sun could not escape its nightly subordination or extinction and usher in another day. Night is the mother of many inveterate fears and superstitions, which like darkness tend to substitute passivity for activity. Our very organism at twilight feels the strain of turning from the freshness and many hued brilliancy of sunlight to the blackness and danger of night. Some so longingly anticipate morning that they dread to sleep and regret that mankind is so made as to have to spend one-third of life in the thralldom of darkness and so near to death.

Another factor of the twilight psychoses is that the activity of the senses is diminished and the momentum and energy of life are thus turned on to the higher processes. Memory reflects the past and hope performs the future. It is the time for deliberating, for making new plans and readjusting old ones. Nature seems to directly invite reflection and introversion. On the one hand we think with the tenderest pathos "of the days that are no more" and idealize the future. It is the pathos that of yore was formulated in the death of Balder, and if Müller is right, several hundred other gods of the sun and day. These sentiments are the soil out of which sprung the sad and wild dithyrambic wails for Dionysius and Proserpine. In twilight, solitude is oppressive; we doubt our own senses and powers; difficulties loom up; the falling darkness typifies and prefigures old age and death. Twilight pathos is thus one of the oldest factors in soul life and gives to it a diurnal range and sweep, for in the morning we are at the top of our gamut of moods. The old fears, doubts and depressions have all vanished. In place of the widened correspondencies in time and space, the life of the senses is reasserted and immerses us in the present.

Some can never be alone at twilight; others try to shut it out by closing windows and lighting gas early. Bereavement makes it harder to bear; love often deepens and intensifies it. When candles are first lit, children are sometimes organically intoxicated with joy, not knowing that it is because artificial illumination has seemed temporarily to reverse the process and herald morning. Some have a passion for going out for noc-

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<sup>1</sup>Centralblatt für Physiologie, April 28, 1900. Ueber den Einfluss der Nacht.



turnal activities; where it suggests love, it is generally a chastened, sad or calamitous love. Some delight to immerse themselves in the sentiments of the hour and seek solitary country places to get its full effect, and one reads the poetry of twilight and takes pleasure in pitying herself. One wishes night came with a bang at a certain hour, for twilight seems like smothering slowly the life of the soul. Others revel in the sentiment of resignation and trust in a higher power which it invites. Some fight its influence by imagining vividly scenes and occupations of the next morning. One refined lady states that she is so melancholiac that she is afraid of doing violence to herself every twilight during a certain part of the month. Some think of their dead friends and review their past life, play or sing sombre music. The love of the sentiment of pathos and pity is perhaps nowhere more strongly seen than in these twilight psychoses.

*Autumn.* In the fall, when the leaves turn yellow and red, which is their gray hair, and begin to fall, when the flowers wither and vegetation becomes seer and frost bitten and autumn hues and beauty fade to the brown nakedness of winter, feelings not unlike those of twilight are strongly developed. Man has a close and sympathetic rapport with plant life and when this dies, a great link that binds him to his world vanishes and he feels more isolated. Only fellow beings and animals can now rouse any sense of companionship. As cold increases, it suggests some interplanetary absolute zero or the future fate of this earth, when mankind will be slowly chilled out of existence as the vegetation has been. External nature is less attractive and thought turns inward upon itself, husbands its own resources and very likely as a result of their inventory finds them pallid anæmic as compared with the freshness of objective summer life. More time is spent within the walls of the house; some girls declare that they could never love a man well enough to marry him in the fall; others confess to a tinge of depressive melancholy that makes nothing seem worth while; some dread winter like death and long to migrate southward with the birds. One cannot read accounts of an arctic winter without nerve shattering symptoms; one distinctly for years feared each fall spring would never come again and was greatly relieved when she could realize by a noon mark that the sun was actually creeping northward. The year is slowly and naturally dying of old age and the fall suggests funerals, yet one correspondent prays that she may not die in the fall. In the spring all this is reversed. Joy, gladness, hilarity, activity, as of those released from prison is described. Spring seems a victory; fall a defeat. I always wanted, says one, to have all possible fruit and crops gathered,

so that if spring should be delayed or skip a year we would not die. Why, another asks, did men ever leave the torrid zone, life can never be really tolerable where there is a long winter and snow? My dread of winter, says one, is a positive phobia; the first cool day in the fall fills me with shuddering, apprehensive dread. I at least have to think mankind in general were not made to go through all that the winter brings. Its very sports ring with a hollow and falsetto note and seem unreal diversions and palliations to relieve the gloom of the situation. No Christian ever longed for heaven more than I long for spring, and to be compelled to live in an eternal autumn would be a hellish refinement of torture.

In nearly a score of our returns, a special pathos is ascribed to the simple *lapse of time*. We can move up and down, right or left in space, we can swim against stream or tide, but nothing alters the steady lapse of time that moves on toward the inevitable hour whether we strive or sleep. Time can never turn backward. Faust's prayer to a present moment to linger, it is so enrapturing, can never be answered. Freedom avails nothing against this iron law of fate. Every moment we are nearer the end than, as the song has it, "we have ever been before." Every tick of the clock or every vibration of the kymograph recording thousandths of a second is a death knell of an irrevocable section of our lives. Every pulsation is the muffled drum beat of a funeral march; every respiration counts one off the total number of allotted breaths; we are always growing older; childhood and youth are always sinking below the horizon and still the tide goes on forever from eternity to eternity. Everlasting is a creepy word; it is a magnitude beside which the longest life is literally infinitesimal. Few want to go back and repeat, but most feel at times the utter pity of it all and long to turn back the cycles, as Plato feigned that the old shall grow young, gray locks become brown, and all temporal sequences be reversed. To some the sense is utter helplessness as if life was held by a stern iron grip and all constraint with no liberty. To others the fear of the last hour periodically looms up in a vivid and agonized way as the end of everything while to others the vanity of life seems greatest from this standpoint.

The pathos of *regret*. Many things in the past might have been otherwise and the Maud Müller "might have beens" sadden hours in many a life. The sense of freedom makes us feel that the past abounds in turning points or cross-roads where we might have selected very differently. Plato's fable of souls choosing their lives before birth expresses the possibility of

various careers as inhering in each individual. Regret is a kind of self pity and takes two forms: the first that different courses were not taken, and the second that the early dreams of youth in the directions that have been chosen were not realized; that in current phrase we start to build a temple and find in old age that we have only constructed a woodshed caricaturing the temple pattern. The pathos of unrealized hopes and ideals is one of the most sobering factors of mature life. The adolescent thinks he can actually reach the pole star and perhaps hitch his wagon to it, but finds he can only use it as a point of direction. This is the spring of many a pessimistic note and is a prominent factor in such philosophies. I might not have been, *e. g.*, round shouldered, short sighted, with feeble digestive powers, with pulmonary troubles, should not have been poor, obscure, etc., if I had done differently. Some pity themselves for what they are and some pity their own childhood that it was so cramped, exposed to such hardships, or so uncontrolled and prodigal. Why could I not have known this, or why did I not do that, leads some to blame parents, teachers, society, the world, God; makes them anarchists, ungrateful to relatives, blasphemous toward the divine, when the sole fault that they are underlings is in themselves. The writer believes that there are thousands of obscure men just as gifted by nature as many of those most famous or successful, who are victims of circumstances which they could and quite as many more which suffer from those they could not control, and that there is thereby great loss in social economy and efficiency.

The explanation of all this is to my mind obvious from the standpoint of an evolutionary psychology. Just as man's feeling instincts are larger than his consciousness, so most souls have much raw material of eminence that is entirely undeveloped. To unfold in one direction compels non-development in others where perhaps the possibilities are just as great. Each has the seeds of a multiplex personality; we all could have been quite as good and done quite as well in one or perhaps many quite different spheres of life, and the dim groping sense of this is what makes the sadness of many of the "might have beens." Some do not live out the successive developmental stages of their life fully enough to motivate development on higher planes, others live them out too fully for the interest of the next plane. Very deep and very strong at any rate in each soul is the conviction that whatever fatalists may say about the impossibility of anything else having happened in the world other than what has happened, every life is in many a direction undeveloped and incomplete, and that the destiny of some has been diverted and perverted.

*Race pity.* One writes: I have never pitied the estate of man so profoundly as when I first read Hartmann's account of the three stages of human illusion. In the first he says man hoped to be happy later in his own individual life; maturity or old age would bring what had been previously denied, but as generations passed he realized that the future millennial or golden age was not for this earth, and so heaven was either invented or grew bright as an asylum of hope that was bankrupted here. Earth is at best a vale of tears and sorrow, but in the hereafter all this is to be richly overpaid by transcendent joy. Later he found that this was a mere mirage or projection of his mind on the cloud field of his wishes, and then evolution seeks in some measure to save his dream of happiness by assuring him that although the past and present has little save wretchedness in store for him, his posterity will be happy in some far off and glorious state toward which all things tend. This third illusion, however, soon vanishes as he comes to understand that earth is a moribund planet on which nothing can live long and is doomed to be like the moon, a floating cinder, where life itself is impossible. He sees that this is the be all and end all; that man is a pillar of dust thrown up by a rude whirlwind; that the sturdiest swimmer of us all is doomed to sink at last with bubbling groans into unknown depths. If this is so, man and his whole history is the most pathetic thing that can possibly be conceived. All the ideals that make it tolerable are a sham and lie, and the only philosophy is that of Bahnsen, Mailander, or the other miserablists, and the highest duty ought to be to kill all our friends and then ourselves, for no stoic imperturbability can avail against such a fate.

M., 50. The Waldenses, whose extinction was ordered by Innocent the VIII in 1485, and the sickening record of entrails torn out and a fierce cat put in their place; delicate women who were buried alive or bound and left to die in the snow; men whose sabre wounds were filled with quicklime; tongues torn out; matches thrust under nails, in nostrils, and between lips and lighted; heads blown off with gunpowder with which the mouth was filled; innocent people broken on the wheel and quartered; babes subjected to every cruelty that human wit could devise—this makes the most pathetic chapter of history that I know. Yet this is only a faint symbol of the way nature treats man.

M., 58. Our barbaric imperialism, our conceit of the holiness of our peculiar civilization worthy of the followers of the Mahdi, as if anything could have value anywhere that had no native historic roots; the destruction at Luzon of the sacredest thing in the world, namely, the spontaneous budding of a national life, and our policy of destroying the souls of these people, even more than we do their bodies, makes me sick with the utter pathos of it; to impose our utterly alien ideas as an act of charity, and with rifles and artillery, is a hideous buccaneering business which sometimes drives me frantic with its unutterable pathos.

Siegfried's book on misery, pure and utter and dumb, which shows

how men are goaded by starvation and despair into mad revolutions, filled me with the passionate pathos of human life.

M., 42. The close of the Old Testament: "Lest he smite the earth with a curse;" the story of the Accadians so oppressed in every activity of life by fears of the dreadful Maskim; mankind oppressed by superstition, as Lucretius describes them; the hardships of primitive man, cave dwellers, in the bronze, iron, and stone ages; the pathos of the people in Turkey pillaged by tax-gatherers; the downtrodden masses of Russia; of ignorance both where education is desired but in vain—and there is not intelligence enough to want it; the sad state of man in the days when Boethius wrote his consolations of philosophy; of the poor people who lived before Christ, without hope or even knowledge of salvation; for the myriads of lost souls in hell; the literature of pessimism that man is dying out, decadent, degenerate, and depraved; the new scientific conception that he is only an infinitesimal microbe, a parasite on a planet so small that the gods could not discover him if the sun were the objective of a great cosmic microscope for a divine eye.

*Self pity.* There is a sense in which we can fear and can be angry with ourselves and we can certainly love self. Can we ever properly be said to pity ourselves? The child who strokes a hurt and says "poor baby," is playing the rôle of mother to itself and pities itself only so far as it simulates another. In maturity people often pity their own childhood which may even seem pathetic for its deprivations or for its mistakes. This is in part regret that they had not known or had greater opportunity, and this is so near to pity that it is hard to discriminate between them, and those who would eradicate pity from human nature are yet more strenuous in their denunciation of regret as always vain. "What a pitiful little creature I was, I could weep over my folly and hardships," is the burden of some returns, but this is always a counterfeit or at best an alloy of pity. One part of us cannot pity another part in the full sense that all of us can pity all of another. One cannot completely objectify self. In many prayers we pose for divine pity as worms of the dust, conceived in iniquity, totally depraved and prone to sin, utterly sick, with no help in us, seeking to draw divine compassion from the sky as beggars magnify and show their wounds, sores, diseases, rags and squalor; but this is partly convention and not whole bottom-hearted sincerity. Lucretius and modern pessimists bewail the state of man. A modern evolutionist describes our race as microbes and parasites of an infinitesimal dirt lump, which a divine eye could not even see if the sun itself was the lense of a celestial microscope. But this is in part a rhetorical affectation. The mediæval ascetic sometimes seemed almost to pity his soul for being tethered to its vile carcass of clay. The question here is whether any of these sentiments can be properly called pity, though their reduced volume be admitted. Does the fact that such feelings are directed toward ourselves give them a different quality? I

think not. Each has a definite image of himself in the past and in the present in a certain environment whether doing or suffering. That image is certainly as near reality as the image of others, and I see no reason why we cannot pass judgments of compassion upon ourselves as truly as we can pass æsthetic judgments upon our beauty or ugliness or moral judgments upon our characters. We have never been told that it was our duty to fear, love, pity, be angry with self, as we have immemorially been told it was our duty to know ourselves. Self knowledge involves self objectivization, but self direction of pity is less intense for many reasons. First, feeling absorbs the self more than knowledge does. It is more subjective and less objective. The strongest feelings, although arising within and absorbing the soul, are those that are directed to something without and only the noetic faculties are readily reflected inward.

Is pity ever *spontaneous* or does it always require some stimulus? This ubiquitous and irrepressible problem is as difficult in this field as in others, but no more so. The organs of pity, whatever they are, seem sometimes so loaded and unstable, that they discharge with great intensity at a trifling stimulus. One young woman wept because a woman, who obviously needed an apron in her work, had none. Another was melted at the threadbare coat of a proud and once rich man. The first gray hair, the slight signs or crack of age in the voice of a singer, the glance of the eye or tone of voice in a passing stranger, the sight of plain food set out for unknown eaters, the suspicion of a sigh, the slightest sign of a groan, and many an incident no less trivial echoes and re-echoes in the recesses of the soul like the "lost chord." Whether some moods of the autumn, twilight, "might have been;" some of the factors or forms of ennui, home sickness or self pity have pure spontaneities of this emotion in them, our psychology is as yet too crude and undeveloped to tell. There are also problems here which cannot be answered until we know how far one sentiment or emotion can act vicariously for another and also which are more primal and which derived and compounded. There are many human experiences that seem to suggest that the sentiment of pity sometimes suddenly awakes into great and perhaps life dominating strength, where it had never existed before. Men seem to fall into pity as they fall in love and enter on missions, take vows, etc., accordingly. We know that the feelings, very different one from the other, still are based upon physical manifestations that are quite similar, and also that some feelings act for others and also sometimes predispose to their opposites by contrast, and this makes the problem very difficult. On the whole, however, we incline to the view that pity may be almost, if not entirely,

spontaneous, and even lavished on objects that normally provoke the opposite sentiment, and also that it is only less primordial and distinct than fear, anger, and love.

### III. PSYCHOLOGICAL.

Like all feelings pity cannot be dissected from all other psychic content and be presented alone, and perhaps it never exists in a pure and unmixed form. This may account for the confused and often diametrically opposed views held of it. In general, pitifulness is thought a good quality, a sign of a tender heart and high moral breeding, and yet there are many who would eradicate it on the ground that it tends to eviration and interferes with evolution by preserving the lowest specimens of the race who ought to be eliminated. If both these views are right, dummy objects on whom we could exercise the sentiment but which remain unaffected by it would be desiderated. These contrary views interfere with both the objective and the subjective effects of charity. Both have their truth, and the adjustment of them is the problem, not of principles, but of individual cases. Another antinomy here is that we often pity others who lack what we at that moment are oversated with. Our very comforts start compassion for those deprived of them, and yet we pity most where we have ourselves suffered most. Premonitions of personal pain would, therefore, seem to be most favorable for pity instead of being so removed from the want and pain that satiety has supervened. If our own experience with pain makes us pity most, it would seem that present suffering, at least in some, if not in an extreme degree, would be requisite for keenest pity rather than the pallid images of memory. Yet acute pangs make us selfish and kill pity. Again most of us are angered if we find ourselves pitied in most conditions and by most persons, and yet by others and in other conditions we love and court pity. Probably all are acquainted with both these sentiments; some lives being balanced more toward the one, and others toward the opposite extreme. Again overdrafts of pity may provoke even anger to the point of cruelty and yet pity and anger seem to be almost as opposite states as love and hate. Again fear is a measure of pity if we grant full scope to the principle that we pity in others what we fear for ourselves. This law, however, valuable and true as it is, is of limited range, for in our protocol of material there are abundant cases of pity with not only no conscious, but no possible danger to the pitier. Love and pity seem twin sisters, yet with the full efflorescence of each the other is inconsistent. Once more, we even pity what we ridicule, and laughter and pathos make a well known psychic compound. The mother, whose boy's leg had just been set when itch broke out under

the cast, could not refrain from laughter amid her tears, so in *Rigoletto* or the fool's revenge, we have a similar complex. Is there in these cases an alternation of one state with another quite distinct from it? The attention and all the apperceptive elements may fluctuate, and this suggests a single simultaneous but complex state, but the resulting emotion is an alloy of two elements with even many physical instruments in common. The view of Hobbes, that one ingredient of pity is joy that we are not as the objects we pity, seems also to have a very partial truth despite the fear that we may sometime be in their place. The old problem, whether pity and pathos are pleasurable or painful, also can never be settled because wrongly put. All strong sentiments make us tingle and glow with an increased sense of life, and even melancholia which is a depressive state may exalt by its mere excitement in the acute form and thus be not without agreeable symptoms. Young people often read or think over the most pathetic things they know in order to glow with pity, and reproach themselves because this feeling is not keener, and this is most liable in the age when boys affect stoical and callous ways, hate most to have their feelings played upon, and their very instinctive shame of feeling testifies, if not to its bad quality as some have urged, at least to its strength.

When we reflect on all this intricacy and realize the depth and breadth of the emotional side of our nature, the difficulty of discriminating its symptomatic physical expressions one from another, and the reference now in vogue to changes in the sympathetic nervous system in circulation and reflex innervation, the problem seems so vast that we psychologists perhaps ought chiefly to pity ourselves and I confess at times, as I do now, how poor, weak and utterly inadequate all the resources at my command are to fathom such abyssmal processes of the heart. Yet psychologists now must face these and triumph or decay, according as they can make progress in resolving them. We turn to novelists, dramatists and even poets with little avail. The two former especially are for the most part wooden, conventional, and produce their effects by very simple and very stereotyped and threadbare means. History and life are infinitely suggestive, and the great among them, like Shakespeare, are so because they elementarize less and present nature less stripped of its complexity and with more fidelity to the multifariousness of life itself. Repeatedly I have devoted summers to novels or evenings to plays, popularly supposed to be profound in psychological insight, to find only the husks of convention and cheap fustian or mechanical daubings with flaring, loud and vulgar primary colors. I can see no way of progress here, that I deem more promising than stated conferences of those most carefully bred by culture, nature, or both, old enough to have



ripened experience, patient enough to persist and humble enough to be content to make a modest contribution. Our psychological associations, at least, to say nothing of organizations for the promotion of other sciences, are neither psychological or pedagogical here. Individual experience is not large enough to grapple with these problems; the pooling of many wide ranged and deep individualities working together from their diverse points of view seems to me a new psychological method, which might be as effective as laboratory or clinic in the advancement of psychology. The heart which is so much larger than the intellect, is the organ of the race while the intellect is only that of the individual, so that we need the fruits of the deepest life experiences of the best endowed souls most richly freighted with self knowledge and with all the information that science, literature, art, professional training, etc., can give, and I maintain that the utterances of the mouth stimulated by the sharpening countenances of friends in dialogue are better than the long circuited pen products of musty studies and solitary easy chairs. We are not in earnest with psychology, but only lately playing at it, and must change our tone and tension if we are ever to discover the depths of the soul which pathos stirs, and be mindful of the wholesome rule that if we would know others' body or soul we must study our own, and if we would know our own we must study others.

Most German writers on æsthetics during the reign of the ideal philosophy interpreted pathos on the narrow basis of Greek Tragedy. There must be a conflict between the individual and fate. The hero wages sometimes at first an offensive but more commonly a defensive warfare with destiny. Sometimes, especially in modern or more unclassical art, he may be the victim of chance, caprice, titanic or satanic powers, furies, demiurges, Seva, Ahriman or even of ghosts and vampires. There must at least be a controlling power set in the scene that is not only dominant over man, but more or less blind and irresistible. These manifested the good pleasure of the gods, but the more demoniacal or sublime they were the more they exalted, while they crushed, so that the sublimity of the action always tended to leave the characters more or less above the ranges of common life and homely sympathies. At the end after heaven storming titanic ambition had perhaps inflated the sphere of self beyond measure or proportion, the one law of heaven and earth, and after all misunderstandings, the conflict with the absolute was always resolved in the end by some kind of atonement, and finite and infinite aims were brought into coincidence. For Schopenhauer the understanding is the rebel leader of revolts to be subdued in the end. It leads the self to forget that it is

only an empirical appearance of the will which back of all noetic processes is always maintaining its metaphysical unity and identity. The estrangement, alienation or heterization of the individual from the whole and the ultimate reconciliation is well illustrated in sex love, which from the standpoint of intelligence seems the most personal thing in the world, but is really, when we penetrate the illusions, seen to be in every item dominated by the interest of the species.

A recent art critic<sup>1</sup> develops the theory that all men of genius have their psycho-physical organism attuned to an unusually exquisite degree of sympathetic vibration with all the facts of life, especially all near the poles of pleasure or pain. Their impressionability is such that they rejoice and suffer with all human experiences. Their resonance is greater than that of others, and as pain is the great stimulus that has toned most human experience and has more variety and intensity than pleasure, so the gifted soul is swayed more deeply by human suffering. Faith, psychologically interpreted as well as genius, might mean a "pathos of resonance" which lies in the realm of the feelings and instincts rather than in that of the intellect, and there is a possible mystic sense in which life itself is a kind of resonance.

Very interesting are the unique pathos effects of a *sudden* and complete solution of story tensions where complete harmony is sprung upon the spectator or reader without preliminaries, preparation or expectation. A long feud in the west between the Jones and Harrison families, which resulted in many deaths, was suddenly ended by a handshake over the bodies of two children amidst scenes of strange pathos. The revelations of the beneficence and disinterestedness of a long course of action by a girl, which had been interpreted as a malign plot, and many other cases where the mind tuned for conflict sees suddenly cordial peace, friendship, love—this wrings the heart, as again in the atonement of Goethe's Iphigenia with Thaos, the delayed tenderness of the king's daughter in Schiller's Diver, the denouement of Tristram and Isolde, Max and Theckla, Romeo and Juliet, etc. Horwicz<sup>2</sup> and Zeising<sup>3</sup> specify sudden rescue from danger, or pardon on the scaffold, as illustrative cases of the pity resonance. Nor need it be complete at once, but the first intimation of it is often effective.

The time has now come when this great truth must be interpreted in a more *biological* way by the insight that the purest tragedy in the world is found in the manifold methods by which

<sup>1</sup> Otto Lyon: *Das Pathos der Resonanz*. Leipzig, 1900.

<sup>2</sup> *Psy. Anal.* II Teil. 2 Heft. p. 306.

<sup>3</sup> *Aesth. Forsch.* p. 348 ff.

nature and history apply their reductives to self consciousness and select for survival only those whose individual lives conform most closely to phylogenetic needs and laws. The race dominates all, and its penalties meted out upon the multifarious outcrops of egoism constitute the pathos of the world. Only where suffering does not have this corrective tendency or result is philosophic or biologic pity justifiable. This, however, leaves it the immense field of suffering, which neither individual nor heredity cause or need. Pity should not interfere with the august sway of justice in expiating guilt, and the fact that man cannot fathom by his science all the operations of this law, and that where they are seen in process of execution involving pain to those near us we cannot conform our conduct to them, shows how far man yet is from his ideal development in this direction.

The *pedigree* of pity is hard to trace. Sutherland's<sup>1</sup> genesis of sympathy, which he thinks the root of all the moral faculties, is highly suggestive. As parents formerly grew interested in their own eggs just in proportion as the young grew few, so that attention could be more focused upon them, offspring came to be felt more and more to be truly prolongations or projections of parental life. Sympathy developed to a higher stage when the young were viviparous and a great step up this aris-togenic path was taken when creatures became warm blooded, appreciated and profited by physical contact with each other. The increased duration of parental care, which Weismann and Fiske have developed, and also the long tragic evolution of conjugal sympathy gradually unfolding from the sporadic outbursts of sexual passion, have built up other compartments in this enlarging mansion of the soul.

It is a significant and unique fact that *excess of joy* often brings pain, tears and pathos, if not an element of actual pity according to the principle of *die Wonne des Leides*.

“Alles in der Welt lässt sich ertragen  
Nur nicht eine Reihe von schönen Tagen.”

“Fühlt, wie das reinste Glück der Welt  
Schon eine Ahnung von Weh enthält.”

Our returns show several striking cases where excessive and sudden pleasure, especially when unexpected but realizing some long deferred or ardent wish and ideal, brings tears. It seems as if to touch the highest happiness for us suggests either its vanity or the adamantine limits of our capacity for enjoyment. Perhaps this is an intimation that there is a rapture in

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<sup>1</sup>The Organ of the Moral Sentiment.

the world infinitely beyond our power to secure or know it. This dim foreboding admits the poetic interpretation that somewhere, at some time and some how there is an existence as far beyond our own in its susceptibilities of pleasure and pain as our capacities in this respect are beyond that of beings far beneath us. Such tears are a kind of self-pity. The pain is in the vague feeling of our own limited abilities which are so wretchedly inadequate to the possibilities of the universe, and unable to react up to the level of these, and the pleasure is in the sense that there is a realm of such transcendent bliss. This latter may be disinterested, or it may involve a deep instinctive hope or prophecy that our nature may eventually develop to be an adequate organ of expression or at least of response. At root it is the race in the individual.

The theory that there is some strange, spiritual, or even neural interference between sentiments or waves of pleasure or of pain has slight explanatory power. Great beauty is pathetic. We have records of children, who like Beth, because of the sheer beauty of the blue sky, green grass, gray mountains, dazzling clouds, molten sea, burst into passionate tears.

From a carefully prepared table by Mr. Saunders, the following *symptomatic effects* are listed in the order of their frequency:—appetite, 103; sleep, 78; general depression or sadness, 68; respiration affected, 46; sobbing, 34; lump in the throat, 33; pulse, 40; pale, 40; tears, 29; indigestion and appetite, 22; chills, 22; heartache, limpness, thrill, throb, surges that rack the body, clutching of hands and at the heart, recurrence in dreams, bladder effects, are mentioned. In another table are recorded symptoms noticed in others, but the order differs little from this. Expressions occur like "I felt a smarting and burning in my eyes that grew wet;" "something within me was ready to burst;" "my heart seemed to stop;" "suffocated;" "lost control of voice;" "a stuffy feeling;" "the heart beat strangely and irregularly;" "a weight on the chest;" "tightness of the heart cords;" "pressure on lungs;" "blood hot and cold by turns;" "dart through the heart;" "hollowness in the stomach;" "contraction there;" "heart in the throat;" "not unlike a hungry feeling;" "oppression in the abdomen;" "sinking in the stomach;" "tired out;" "sickening feeling;" "could not cry or speak;" "weakness of knees;" "drawing down corners of the mouth;" "lips and throat parched;" "wrinkling the forehead;" "want more air;" "great wave that goes over or through one;" "groaning and sighing;" "shaking head and hands;" "sharp pain in the head;" "sense of helplessness, restlessness, depression;"

“gooseflesh;” “nausea;” “quivering all over;” “face contracted;” “flow of perspiration.”

Many of these exert some influence upon attitude, facial expression, respiration, circulation, rhythm of motion, vocal expression, and the least trace of these effects if perceived by others is the most immediate and potent medium of contagion of the emotion, even more so than interjection. We experience all these sympathies by infection from our friends and sometimes sob with them, not knowing the cause. They are less easily simulated, older than all speech and more primitive, and confirm Horwicz' view that the action of psychic evolution is first the special feeling then a general one, and third the idea or concept. If the feelings are based on or consist of this physiological accompaniment on the sorry-because-we-cry theory of Lange and James (which, strange to say, Sutherland has worked out more fully than either and independently) and if real progress, in scientific explanation must start here, the outlook, from such scrappy and confused data as the above, is, it must be confessed, not bright. There are, however, here some opportunities for psychologists of the speculative arm chair tribe.

Garofalo, Lombroso and Benedickt have maintained with great ability the thesis that criminals, especially those who commit crimes against person indicative of cruelty and moral insensibility, are likely to be especially obtuse in their sensibility to physical pain. Analgesia in greater or less degree seems to be a congenital trait in the case of many who are especially pitiless. Physical obtuseness to pain, it has been urged, is not only a concomitant but a cause of heartlessness, so that those who readily feel pain do not readily compassionate suffering in others. Lombroso not only holds to this direct relation between moral and dolorific insensibility, but thinks criminals are often more disvulnerable than others and can endure and recover from more serious wounds or operations.<sup>1</sup> He even intimates that the greater capacity of women to bear pain accounts for the love of torture which some of his more monstrous cases display. This, of course, was suggested by Aristotle who in his *Rhetoric* develops his well known theory that the sight of others in pain calls to mind or to the imagination a copy of the sufferings the spectator would experience under similar circumstances. This relation seems highly probable if it be restricted to a lack of sympathy for just those kinds of dermal, sensory or other pain for which the subject is obtuse. If we assume that relative analgesia in the sphere of one sense is likely to be accompanied

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<sup>1</sup> Lombroso: *L'Homme Criminelle*, pp. 109 and 322.

by the same in the sphere of the other senses or that physical is a true index of real moral obtuseness, the larger generalizations of the Italian school have great plausibility. We know, too, that the deaf are often thought especially cruel to their mates and to animals, when this is at least in part accounted for by the fact that they cannot hear the cries of pain which they cause and are therefore unaware of the suffering of their victims which otherwise they would feel very keenly. Among adolescents of certain criminal propensities who are analgesic, there is a distinct tendency to despise those whose sensibilities are delicate as inferior beings lacking in the normal hardihood, which they sometimes feel called upon to develop by severe discipline.

There seems great likelihood that the converse of this principle is also true and that those who are hyperalgesic or abnormally sensitive to pain are most prone to morbid excess of pity. This sentiment has its pathology in those whose nerves are overstrained by too frequent sufferings of those about them and also in those who imagine acute pain, where it does not exist at all. Hysterical frenzy over the frequent pains of pets; the vivisection of frogs and lower forms of life, the development of the nervous system of which gives us the strongest reason to believe that they suffer even from mutilation incalculably less than man; sympathetic pains which in over tense souls cause states of consciousness utterly intolerable, which may even seek relief in suicide, in blaspheming the order of nature, in senseless crusades to assuage fancied pains in the lowest creatures causes a volume of needless suffering, especially among those who lack purpose and occupation or whose imagination is too vivid for their common sense, and these monstrosities of pity, it is, that have long prompted certain theories now becoming widely current that pity is itself a disease that suggests a low stage of moral psychic evolution.

Ferrero<sup>1</sup> thinks women are both most pitiful and most cruel. They have greatest ingenuity in torture, and savage women protract the pain of their victims as long as possible to eke out the joy of vengeance, which they never wish to wreak like men by killing all at one stroke. They destroy by inches as over a slow fire, and in their fights wound more delicate organs that cause pain. In woman the extremes of pity and cruelty co-exist in unstable equilibrium. Her cruelty is due to her feebleness and she lacks power to repress outbursts of anger and vengeance. He cites the following among other typical cases.

Elizabeth of Russia compelled a lover, who betrayed her, to marry

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<sup>1</sup> Monist, Vol. III, p. 220.

a deformed dwarf and to spend his wedding night in an ice palace, the furniture of which as well as the bed were of ice. The next day with her court she called to present a bouquet and found them nearly frozen, had the woman's ears and nose cut off and banished her to Siberia.

Ferrero tells of a Russian prince, who lived five years with a beautiful peasant girl whom he then discarded and compelled to marry a peasant. Ten years later in an insurrection, she led a body of peasants to the castle of her lover, had him harnessed to the plow and made him work for three days lashing him when he fell, stalling him with the oxen, making him eat fodder with the beasts, and laughing at him till he died.

Legouv   writes that the front rows near the guillotine during the French Revolution were reserved for members of the women's clubs. They hung to the boards of the scaffolds and drowned the cries of their victims with peals of laughter.

A poor servant girl, who could not read and write but had a genius for pity, founded *Les petites S  urs des Pauvres*, which to-day counts 3,400 sisters, 207 houses, receiving and nursing more than 25,000 old men.

Jeanne Garnier, a heroine of pity, at twenty-three lost husband and two sons, after which she pledged herself to aid the sorrowing. She founded the society of *Les Dames du Calvaire*, which is composed of widows, who without binding themselves by religious vows pledge themselves to nurse the sick in hospitals and outcasts with loathsome diseases. The daughters of charity perform their beneficent ministry of pity all over the world.

The opposite of pity is called cruelty, which may be mere insensitiveness due to non-development, but in its true quality is a perversity which delights rather than grieves with others' suffering. *Schadenfreude* may be mischief, which indulges in mere practical jokes or teasings, it may deepen to the malice that not only makes man a wolf to his fellow man but shows great ingenuity in the invention of torture for which the resources of physiology are drawn on. Incredible as it seems to the normal soul, many a pervert is born and others developed by their environment in whose breasts the milk of human sympathy is turned to gall and wormwood. The Massochist derives exquisite pleasure from the very distress of his victim as did Jesse Pomeroy. The Newgate chronicles and other records of crime describe creatures who literally gloat over the sweat, gasp, groan and death rattle of their fellow beings, who have in nowise offended them. There are pain inebriates who lust for intoxication with the expressions of extreme anguish and study how to prolong the agonies of death, like Spadolino, who had mutilated and killed ninety-nine victims, and whose ambition it was to kill his hundredth man.

We cannot rank here the torture and sometimes butchery of younger children by others, many cases of which are on record that seem utterly heartless and abandoned. Here the joy that seems to have taken the place of normal pity is not purely malicious but is at least spiced with innocence. The nameless

cruelties recorded of rage and anger and even those of envy, which makes a page hardly less black; the vengeance that is not content with the death of its victim but vents itself on the body afterward; the most intense heat of righteous indignation which may be cruel, are wanton, sometimes gross intensifications of germs normal near the dawn of adolescence, but these are not the exact opposites of pity. All vindictive and retaliative pains that seek to restore the disturbed balance of justice like the daily anger assigned to God against the wicked; the real dangers often noted of telling our unusual joy or good fortune to our best friends lest his sympathy have a radical of pain in it; the just and righteous distress at really unmerited prosperity also, are not diametrical opposites of pity, but sometimes only wholesome regulatives and correctives of its excesses and perversions.

#### IV. EDUCATIONAL.

The *pedagogy of pity* opens a problem as large and difficult as its psychology. The two are almost inseparable. The stoics, Spinoza and Nietzsche would almost exterminate it or at any rate regard it as something of which the wise should be almost entirely rid. Spinoza thinks it is bad *per se*, because the perfect man will act only and never passively suffer. Aristotle wished the soul of the sage purged of pity as of terror, deemed it never a virtue *per se*, and thought it incompatible with fortitude, while other moralists hold that a chemist might as well do without fire in his laboratory as the ethicist try to establish a moral theory of the world without pity. No physician or surgeon should feel all the pains of his patient for his capacity to help them would thereby perish. Lessing revised with more vigor than the great Stagarite his doctrine that fear and pity were inseparable, whether for teaching, art or philosophy. How narrow and partial this is, what little we know of the pedigree of pity, to say nothing of the great Pitier who commissioned the heavenly comforter as at once his chief legacy and his substitute shows.

For Zeno, though not for Marcus Aurelius, the stoic sage is pitiless. Le Bon thinks solidarity of interests in modern society is better than the old bonds of sympathy, charity and altruism, so that pity is necessarily vanishing by the very contributions of modern political and social organization. Nietzsche intimates that God has his own hell, which was pity to the human race, that he died of pity which all great love is above. When the creator of the morals of the superman shall break the present tables of values, it will be found that we must "be a hard bed for the pain of a friend;" that we shall be ashamed when we see suffering rather than pity it, and shall see that great obligation makes men revengeful.



Educability is suggested by the fact that with the masses the most lachrymose and tear pumping results are often produced by homely and trivial incidents that often offend good taste, *e. g.*, Bret Harte. The slightest causes here often produce great effects. It is hard for pity once aroused to discriminate between the great and the small. The woe that pleases the great public and is wettest is domestic, popular and perhaps vulgar, and usually from any large point of view is very episodic. The quality of mercy in the fifth beatitude, that drops like gentle dew blessing giver and receiver, is not strained or aristocratic and seeks no warrant in the canons of the classic drama. Con-felicity or *Mitfreude* is, however, as rare as comparison is commonplace and is far fainter and less educible or contagious.

Advocates of the elimination of pity usually cite and argue from cases of *excessive and morbid pity* which are due to unstable nerves, sentimentality, disposition and the habit of inactivity. Paulsen's account of a Russian countess, who wept at the theatre over the grief of a fictitious person, while her coachman froze to death outside; copious tears over alien sufferings that is only imaginary; the lack of control which lavishes doles on beggars until they multiply, grow insolent and become helplessly parasitic on society, illustrate this idiopathic morbidity. While our returns give few examples, recent medical literature abounds in cases of what might be termed inebriates of pity, who gloat over suffering not because they are cruel, but because they love to be intoxicated with the rapture of woe. They hunger for feeling for the tension it brings. "My sentiments love to be strongly stimulated as a tiger loves its prey." Mankind in general prefers the literature of sadness to that of joy; the great epics, novels and dramas that are most widely read are those of pathos. It seems as though our race had developed modern civilization in which the pleasure field is so vastly widened and the pain field so greatly reduced too suddenly, and that our nervous system is not yet wonted to so much ease and luxury and had therefore to hark back to play over the old litany of sorrow and pain in the falsetto way of the stage novel and poem. Development in externals has been too rapid for internal adjustment, so that the new balance between weal and woe in the environment has not yet been struck in our organism. Our reveries are still those of the hard conditions of our past lives. Fiction, therefore, performs now the function of an Aristotelian catharsis in discharging harmlessly the virus of psychic rudimentary organs.

The hyperaesthesia of pity may have an opposite manifestation and turn with great aversion from every record of pain. Some cannot read the newspapers lest they meet the record of

accidents too strong for their overstrung nerves. One lady shudders and has symptoms whenever she hears the word—"suffering," "pain," "agony," or "distress," but especially cannot bear to read or hear the word "anguish," which is worst of all. Another can coquette with light accidents, but if blood or death are mentioned has symptoms that are so strong that she takes precautions to avoid them. Another made herself sing, although she was choking and crying, to please a dying friend, but could never hear sad music afterward. Two often weep at the sight of ladies in deep mourning; others seek to avoid all funeral processions; and for others pity is specialized toward some one or more diseases. King Max Joseph, of Bavaria, distributed one thousand guldens every morning, until his mania for charity had created hordes of beggars, some of whom lived in luxury while the needs of the most important state departments were neglected. While many seek with great assiduity to get away or avoid contact with pain because of the great suffering it occasions in them, yet most are especially attracted to sadness, prefer a sad play or story, enjoy crying with others even though they do not know what for. Others enjoy fancying themselves in circumstances of suffering which has a mingled dread and fascination; some enjoy the blues which they complain of, prefer the company of rather despondent people, while most are attracted only to the joyous and buoyant society.

To *assuage* the pain occasioned by extreme pity most seek diversion unless they can actually do something; they turn to occupations of the most different or even opposite nature; interest themselves in a novel; take long walks; seek to comfort others in place of the suffering they have seen; reflect how the trouble could have been prevented; turn to lively company; physical exercise; try to convince themselves that the story is not true; that the sufferings are imaginary or make believe; that it is all right in heaven; that it is on the whole best as it is or would not be allowed; some have recourse to prayer and concentrate their thoughts upon the future and an idea that all is for the best. All this shows instinctive efforts at self education of the heart which are the beacon lights of pedagogy.

So conversely and passively some *love and some hate to be pitied*. Schiller urged the pleasure of pity and the luxury of woe as a familiar theme of the pessimists. Duboc denies this and thinks it abnormal to find pleasure in the pain of others and still more so in our own. Children who present their hurt fingers to be kissed and made well illustrate how akin to pity is love, and adults are often so hungry for the latter that they feign grief, suffering, and invent long hysterical stories to capture the pity of their friends and sometimes inflict serious injuries

upon themselves for the same purpose. Grief, consolation and comfort, the very best form of which is the simplest expression of heartfelt sympathy, may be so effective and so satisfying that they create an abnormal appetite for more, especially in those whose lives are somewhat solitary and friendless, and who, unconsciously to themselves, fall into a pathetic tone of voice which is more subtly calculated than the most cunningly devised arts of mendicants to implore pity. Occasionally even those who have no other needs so crave compassion that they betray their hearts to the skilled observer in a way which would confound them did they suspect it. One woman in our returns is described whose every act, inflection and attitude seem to the recorder a plaintive appeal for pity, and her entire life, really on the whole a fortunate and happy one, was construed in this sense. Psychologically interpreted her life was a prolonged quest for the close interest and sympathy, which love had not yielded her, the succedaneum of which she found in pity.

Other harder souls could hardly be more affronted than by any act suggesting pity. They not only resent every form of charity, but imagine and suspect elements of pity where they do not exist. One fancies a look of compassion in her more prosperous neighbor's face, when she meets her upon the street, which she repelled with cold dignity and which led to estrangement. Another refused money for a real service, which had cost him little time or effort, because he thought it a thin pretext to express pity. Helpers among the self respecting poor are put to their wit's end to devise forms of self help so subtle that the recipient shall feel that a *quid pro quo* is rendered in every case. This feeling has to be carefully distinguished from a more exterior pride, which fears only that the reception of aid shall become known. One young man declares that pity, even with toothaches or gripes, makes him mad, that he can stand anything else. Nietzsche's Zarathustra intimates that man has red cheeks because of his shame in receiving pity and its gifts. The merciful, he says, lack real sympathy with the self respect of sufferers and excessive giving prompts revenge, if only as a form of self assertion and resilience.

Pity was almost a profession with its own peculiar course of training in the later period of ancient Roman history, when the *art of comforting* the afflicted was highly developed and the methods and even the literature of consolation have had their chief development along with the philosophy of sorrow and grief. This was especially for the benefit of the bereaved and consisted first of all in sharing grief. Professional mourners cried aloud and mutilated their bodies to take the pain of relatives vicariously. Sometimes real agony of pity was felt. It was no doubt

a certain relief to friends to feel that there were those whose sympathies were so trained as to grieve more demonstratively if not more profoundly than for themselves. Perhaps these still survive in the habitual funeral goers. Another method of the consoler was to simply sit beside or attach him or herself to the afflicted and seek to show without a word, but by every deed and gesture, all that the tenderest hand in hand companionship can do in halving sorrows. Others more assertively strove to gently divert thought and attention by suggesting or inventing little offices in memory of the dead, and taught that funeral rites were desirable in part because they gave a practical objective trend to the thoughts of survivors during the first few painful days. Slowly mind and heart were weaned from the dead to the living, from passivity to active duties; the needs of surviving friends were dwelt upon; neglected work, the needy and other ministries were pointed out. Occasionally the compensating advantages of death to the dead as a surcease of suffering, or to the living as opening new opportunities and wider spheres were indicated. Very commonly a larger philosophy was taught of which death was felt to be a great opportunity. It is our duty to accept it with joy, because it is inevitable and in the plan of nature. Death for the old is even an object of supreme desire and undue prolongation of life would be most pathetic. The ministry of pain is to teach us humble views of man's place in nature and to direct our thoughts toward eternal truth. A large optimism that all is for the best was inculcated and it is a part of every true sage not to be overwhelmed by grief. I doubt if our modern clergy have ever attained such proficiency in the art of ministering to grief. The value of the modern additions to the comforter's repertory of resources in immortality and eternal bliss of the departed, while it gives new and deep satisfaction to believers does not apply to all and is prone to be urged to the neglect of the more natural methods of diversion and increased closeness of ties of friendship, etc. The power of these ancient methods is great and abiding. The most newly invented comfort, which we owe to the spiritist conception that the souls of the beloved are near us or to the mind cure view that even the supreme evil of death has no reality, while its pedagogic value is no doubt real and great for some, rings hollow to most deeper souls to whom it seems tinsel, gaudy and even vulgar. A true psychology of mourning has yet to be written.

Pity for the dead who lose all the brightness and reality of life, the love of which is so fundamental, is a factor never absent but which varies enormously with the conception of the reality and nature of the transcendent world. If death is extinction of soul even before that of the body, pity lacks one comfort,

but even this is better than eternal life of pain. If the dead are conceived, as among the Greeks, as leading pallid and unreal lives of shades in the underworld, sorrow may be gray but not black. Very rarely have races or men really conceived death as a triumphant victory and as an occasion for festivity, joy and congratulation. The very thought of turning man's greatest defeat into his greatest victory, of transmuting supreme sorrow into supreme joy, is one of the sublimest of all conceptions, but alas! very rare and essentially only an affectation.

The *opposite* of the consoler's art is nowhere better represented than in the pessimistic Job comforters who seek to extinguish pity by invoking anger. Their invocation now is not to curse God and die, but to declaim against the constitution of the universe or of society and to taunt their fellow beings with the perverted gospel of miserableism that all we call happiness is but an infinitesimal abatement of woe; that truth, beauty and goodness are illusions; that life is a mockery and the best who take it most in earnest are those whom the gods have especially decked with caps and bells for their delectation.

Pity is prone to *specialization* in a way that shows its plasticity. This we see in our own proclivities toward pathos and in those of our friends, in literature and especially in the history of charities. Some sympathize most keenly with homeless or sick animals and found hospitals for cats, dogs and horses; the hearts of others bleed readiest for orphans; others feel most deeply for the blind, deaf or the feeble-minded; some devote their lives or their substance to aged sailors, soldiers, poor widows, to hospitals and the sick, to the aged, to ways of self help for the poor, the insane, saving the souls or bettering the lives of heathen and savages, for easing the way of impecunious students. No soul is large enough or balanced enough to distribute pity evenly in all the fields somewhat according to needs. This specialization may be due to individual experience or to the misfortunes of family or friends, and it is sometimes determined by local exigencies or by special claims of special classes, but I am convinced that there are cases for which experience does not account and which seem to be essentially innate, rare though such cases be. Individuals differ constitutionally in tenderness of soul in different directions, and while experience does most and perhaps accidents of location follow next, there is a small residuum which seems as aboriginal as genius. Again pity in one of the above forms while it does not directly make us callous to the claims of other fields so vicariates for them that having helped one class we feel less pity for the others. There are, moreover, plenty of cases of great tenderness in one direction which have never even felt pity in the others. This,

and probably the theme of the next paragraph, is what the old teleologists would call a beneficent provision of nature, for no soul could possibly survive the depression of great pity for all the fields of human woe.

*Pity fetiches* are an interesting new psychic fact primitively due still more directly to plasticity. As is well known experts in sex phenomena are agreed that in certain cases the sight of a glove, shoe, or the feeling of hair, handkerchiefs, etc., have peculiar erogenic power which sometimes the normal excitants fail to arouse. I think our returns warrant analogous phenomena in cases of pity, a fact never noted before. I have read the poetic extracts and the descriptions of some of the pictures and literary and personal incidents cited elsewhere in this article, to many individuals of my acquaintance only to find that some are profoundly moved by things which leave others entirely unaffected. The cry of a child or a cat, a minor key, the downfall of stage snow, the piping of stage wind, scanty clothing, barefoot children in the late fall, a hole in dress, pants or shoe, or even a patch, may have very peculiar patheto-genetic efficacy. The feelings aroused by the thought of the nails of the crucifixion, elsewhere mentioned, for some; the thought of the word or picture *cross* for others; blaming, controversy and especially the sight of a blow struck under any and every circumstance may bring pity to the melting point. The only explanation that can be suggested for this group of psychoses is the conventional and more or less deeply rutted ways in which novelists, dramatists and others have played upon this feeling. We see this in religious music, where sometimes the most tawdry words or terms cause nervous effects of extraordinary power by using symbolic forms or types that have for generations stamped their effects upon our very nerves, and against which the judgment revolts. All such cases suggest nascent periods of exceptional impressibility vividly but accidentally stamped.

*Irradiation and diffusion.* Pity for those in the closest family relations where it begins and focuses readily irradiates to relatives and kin. As Morgan, Le Bon and others have shown, ancient society was founded upon the ties of blood, the sept, clan, tribe, gens, phratry, curia, patriarchate, etc. In these consanguinous units, solidarity was greater; the ties within were closer; the chasm between the unity of all within and outsiders who were aliens, barbarians, gentiles, etc., was greater. Modern society as distinct from all this is organized on the basis of property and competition of these in the same group; and blood ties, the strength of which is seen even in rude forms of the blood covenant, lose their strength, and pity, though it

may have a wider range, diminishes in intensity. Again there is a special sympathy between those of the same age—children with children, youth with youth, age with age, etc. Primitive society cannot pity the very old or the very young enough to prevent infanticide or the slaughter of the aged. Now compassion includes every stage of life. In the days of caste and classes, the social strata sympathized with each other, but the upper and lower ranks were not strongly united by this bond as in modern and more democratic society, where all are members one of the other and suffer and prosper together. Until recent decades criminals, defectives, paupers, and even the sick were neglected, so that the rise of modern charity marks another great step in the effort to remove evil from the lives of others. In place of a narrow chauvinism, men are striving toward that culture which essentially consists in knowing and liking foreigners and their ways. That humanism of the eighteenth century marks the point where man transcended national bounds and became interested in his fellow men as such. Thus we see how pity, which like charity begins at home, tends to irradiate toward cosmic dimensions. In so doing, however, its intensity and effectiveness is almost as inversely as its distance. Diffusion reduces and dilutes, because it is hard to love collective bodies. If we have become truly cosmopolitan, so that we can estimate the race value of such sentiments for man to-day, it is harder yet to extend the range of sentiment to the far past or the far future or the far distant in space. The struggle in pain of nature to bring forth the anthropoid and finally the human form; the distress of our own far future descendants or their extinction, which may be due to our vices; the pathos of possible life extinguished when fixed stars brighten up in conflagration, move us but little and yet feelings spread and have rare power to annihilate time and space. All this is suggestive of educational orientation.

*Friendship* and especially *love* are perhaps the best of all schools of compassion. A friend is a part of us; wife, husband, parents, children are extensions of our own being. We feel not only for but with them. The experience of their pain makes us quick and tender to realize the corresponding pains in corresponding members of other families. We sympathize with those who suffer what we fear not only for ourselves but for those nearest to us. To ward off evil to them is almost a part of self preservation and is a large part of the universal instinct to fight evil and to maintain and enhance our own happiness. Thus pity irradiates and contributes elements to benevolence, patience, toleration, chivalry, humanity and all the social traits.

The relations of *love and pity*. As a brutal and overmastering sex passion, physical love can be as cruel as anger with which it develops common factors. It loves resistance and forces its way with blood and sometimes slaughter. The fury that of old was let loose in the conflict of rivals may be vented on the weaker sex, and there is a sad literature of human animality devoted to this theme. But in its most highly evolved form, love tends to the opposite extreme of tenderness and the propensity to give in every respect the greatest pleasure is no less strong. I have nowhere seen any explanation of the above relation, but suggest that as the primitive family consisted of the mother and her child and that as the father came into it as a moral factor far later, that child love merged very gradually into husband love carrying with it pity, a dominant feeling in the mother's breast toward her offspring. Abhorrent as is pity to a manly man and desperate as the straits of a lover who finds he can only win his way to the obdurate love of his mistress by first working upon her pity, this course of true love in her heart is very natural and effective. Sick men who reciprocate the love of their nurses accept this situation. With man, on the other hand, love and marriage rarely develop from the basis of pity. The woman falls in love with her savior or protector in danger or with her physician far more often than he with her.

Moralists from Aristotle down have often also urged that *personal experience in grief* was necessary to lively sympathy with it. Only those who have felt bereavement or other stinging blows of fate can know how it feels just as Plato's good doctor must have been sick. Fortunate and pampered lives that know but little of disappointment, of penury, disease, hunger, cold, cannot so vividly picture themselves in these calamitous states, because they lack the apperceptive organ which interprets these things in others by their own lives. Perhaps the most effective expression of compassion is sometimes expressed by the simple and pathetic phrase, "I know how it feels." Commiseration in all the pregnant meaning of that word now rests in large part on memory.

Thus we can see why the middle station in life with the wide experience of the ups and downs, of pleasure and pain alike, that is not too protected on the one hand so as to feel exemption from evil and the insolence sometimes thought the opposite of pity; not so absolutely happy as to feel no longer liable to suffering, so that the fear that it may happen to us is removed on the one hand, and on the other hand not so thrust down to the nadir of utter ruin, that nothing more can be suffered, gives the sanest basis for pity.



Thus, too, we can see why it is rare or feeble in the very young. They have been so sheltered and have come so little into contact with the great enemies of man's happiness, that they lack the faculty of appreciating other pain; their imagination is undeveloped in this direction, since it lacks this spur; and they seem selfish because pity is a power that comes to its ripeness only as maturity is approached. The old, on the other hand, have suffered too much and perhaps grown callous and wonted, so that the best age of pity is that when the emotional life is at its strongest and best.

*Imagination* is another covariant of pity and a momentous agent of altruism generally. A life of sense and plodding, unpoetic practicality is introverted and cannot become deeply interested in others' weal or woe. Men differ greatly in the vividness with which they recall their own past sufferings or picture those they fear in the future. *Mitgefühl*, *Mitleid*, *Mitfreude* depend in part upon the vivid depiction of the inner life of others. A lady I know is always ill the next day after her husband's headaches, which she seems to suffer from more keenly than he does, sometimes almost feeling the pain. It is hard for children to imagine the ailments of old age; for both the upper and lower strata of society to imagine each other's joy and sorrows. Plato urged that every physician in order to have a really deep insight into the condition of his patients must have had experiences of illness in his own body. Dr. Howe blindfolded himself for days to more keenly realize the infirmities of the inmates of his institution. Sympathetic punishments occasionally used by teachers like tying up one leg in those who had laughed at the lame, withholding a meal to those who had refused to help the hungry, thrusting pins into those who had tormented animals, blindfolding those who were cruel to the blind, advising a year or month of rough life among the poor for heartless adolescents or for more effective charity work, thereby to quicken that kind of imagination which consists not in visual representation of the images of suffering as in the appreciation of how misfortune feels from within. In those beatific souls, whose whole life is in and for others, whose keenest anguish is vicarious, we always find real power of reproducing alien states. All that quickens the humanistic exercise of this faculty makes for pitifulness.

The legitimate *expression* of pity is some act directed toward the relief of suffering and the subjective easement following objective betterment. Of all our correspondents who tell what they wish to do, only four-seventeenths really do anything where they might act. Many seek diversion by change of occupation or of attention instead of lessening or comforting sorrow.

Others simply sit by, caress, try to comfort, console or express pity; others go off and cry; some do not act because it is hard to do the right thing or to choose between many things or settle the right principle. Modern scientific charity forbids giving doles to beggars directly and thus helps the beggar, although it is doubtful whether thereby it does best for the donor. The first effect of impotence to act is to dam up and intensify pity. The very fact that nothing can be done increases the pathos. Writers of serial novels are implored not to let the heroes or heroines die, sometimes lest the shock prove too much for highly sensitized readers. Spinoza's dispraise of pity was that it was passive, whereas all emotion is motive and should prompt to action. To pity most where insight shows some duty and to act promptly in a way psychologically nearest to that suggested by the incitement is best and is the pedagogic rule.

Aristotle's statement that education largely consisted in *learning to fear aright* or to fear those objects really dangerous in due proportion, the argument that I have elsewhere urged that a good part of moral education might be as teaching us to *be angry aright*, so that indignation be righteously directed, the New Testament doctrine of love that we must set our affections upon heavenly treasures that abide and love only the most worthy of love has its analogue here, so that we can say that to *pity aright* is a very important part of the education of the heart. One of the greatest moral problems is what is the most truly pitiable thing in the world, and most will admit that it is not necessarily the greatest pain as popular sentiment avers. Wherever there is conscious suffering, there the good Samaritan vials of pity are poured out. We may conceive of pity as primarily a sentiment undetermined in any special direction, but as predisposing man to sympathize with suffering wherever met. The environment at any rate largely determines the special forms which it takes in aiding sickness, childhood, poverty etc. As it becomes highly sensitized in one direction it tends to grow obtuse or callous in others. Its direction may be fantastic and absurd. One writer declares she pities most of all in the world those people whose pity is most wrongly directed. Everything indicates thus that pity is plastic, pliable, and therefore educable. Evolution suggests a new answer to the question—what should be the supreme object of pity? It points not to the under-vitalized poor, not to the moribund sick, defectives, and criminals, because by aiding them to survive it interferes with the process of wholesome natural selection by which all that is best has hitherto been developed. Pity needs new ideals. Its work is no longer the salvage of the wreckage of humanity, but if Jesus came to our biological age he would be crucified afresh in

the thwarted ambitions and blighted ideals of those most able, yet most often crushed and discouraged by circumstances over which they have no control. Pity, has its highest office then in removing the handicaps from those most able to help man to higher levels—the leaders on more exalted plains who can be of most aid in ushering in the kingdom of the superman. The mission of pity in the world to-day is to minister to the needs of élite youth at the stage of later adolescence when their development is so easily arrested, but at that age when the prolongation of educational incentive and opportunity would give them careers in the upper stories of human endeavor where both need and service are greatest. In struggling genius and talent tingling with pride and sensitiveness in noble ambitions to attain the summits of human endeavor; in these phenomena of altitude and not in the lower levels of opportunity Christ is still crucified, and the most pathetic tragedies are enacted although most removed from common observation. To inspire, to bring the ideals of living always at the top of one's condition, whether diatectically or morally; to add to human euphoria so that the plateau of the best half of the race will be high, so that the summits of human possibility may be easier attained—this is the highest service of pity. Wont and habit are strong and perhaps their function is even more so in the realm of feeling and sentiment than Lamarck thought, even though it may not act by heredity, but that there is a strong undertow of tendency in this direction, I have myself not a shadow of doubt.